THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

OR

Entertaining COMPANION for the FAIR SEX.

Vol. 43, No. 6, for June, 1812.

This Number is embellished with the following Plates:

1. An accurate Likeness of JOHN BELLINGHAM, the MURDERER of Mr. PERCEVAL.
2. London WALKING DRESSES.
3. New and elegant PATTERNS for BORDERS, TRIMMING, &c.

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where Favors from Correspondents continue to be received.

NOTICES.

The ASSASSIN, BELLINGHAM.—*To gratify that curiosity which the public naturally feel to be made acquainted with the features, as well as the character and history, of any individual who has acquired notoriety by his good or his evil deeds, we have procured an accurate likeness of Bellingham, the murderer of Mr. Perceval, which we now present to our fair Readers—referring them to our last Number for an account of the assassination and the assassin.*

The conclusion of "Sappho," (*with an interesting plate*) *intended for insertion in our present Number, is unavoidably postponed, but shall certainly appear in our next.*

The inquiry concerning *noxious reptiles in Ireland* shall be noticed next month.

Embargo.—The following *bagatelle* on that subject has appeared in an American newspaper, and may be read in *two hundred and seventy* different ways—beginning from the central letter, E.

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s	u	n	i	u	r	l	l	i	l	l	r	u	i	n	u	s

State of the City Hospitals, as read to the Lord Mayor, &c. on Easter Monday.

Christ's Hospital.

Children put forth apprentice last year, 141
(Six of whom were apprenticed to Captains in the Navy)
Children buried last year, ... 10
Children now under care of the Hospital, and to be admitted to this time } 1263

St Bartholomew's Hospital.

Patients admitted, cured, and discharged, during the last year—
In patients . . . 3657
Out patients . . . 4179
Buried this year 277
Remaining under cure—In patients 435
Out patients 416

So that there have been under the charge of the Hospital last year } 9704

St. Thomas's Hospital.

There have been cured and discharged last year—In patients } Out patients } 8548
Buried 194
Remaining under cure—In patients, 405
Out patients, 272

So that there are now and have been last year under the care of said Hospital } 9419

Bridewell Hospital.

Vagrants received by order of the Lord Mayor and sitting Aldermen } 955
To be passed to Parishes 327
Apprentices brought up in divers trades, 38

Bethlem Hospital.

Afflicted men and women remaining in this Hospital from 1810 } 147
Admitted in the year 1811 99
Cured and discharged last year . . 87
Buried last year 11
Under cure, men and women . . 148

THE

LADY'S MAGAZINE,

FOR JUNE, 1812.

The OLD WOMAN.

(*Continued from page* 224.)

N°. 6.—*On the* MISERY *arising from* DOMESTIC ALTERCATIONS.

I HAVE frequently been astonished at the incautious conduct of parents in suffering their children to witness their domestic disagreements; for, if example is allowed to influence the actions of individuals, how extremely impressive must that be which a parent gives!—In proportion to the child's affection to the authors of its existence, must be the effect of the example they set; and, if a young man beholds his father treat the woman whom he has sacredly vowed to love and cherish, with neglect or imperiousness, will it not be likely to influence his conduct, when he becomes a man? or, if a daughter observes her mother neglectful of those attentions which every husband has a right to expect, will she not be inclined to follow an example which endeavours to establish the independence of her sex?

But, allowing, for a moment, that the unfortunate children of these imprudent parents are naturally endowed with such amiable dispositions, that the effect of example is prevented from making an impression upon their actions, by the innate goodness of their hearts—can that home, I would ask, which ought to be the focus of their felicity, and the centre to which all the softer feelings are directed—can that ever prove a tranquil harbour for their little barks to repose in? Ah! no! for where the storms of passion are raging, there can be neither peace nor happiness for those who feel the influence of them.

Doctor Blair, in his admirable discourse upon the Dominion of the Passions, says, "The history of mankind has ever been a continual tragedy; and the world a great theatre, exhibiting the same repeated scene of the follies of men shooting forth into guilt, and of their passions fermenting by a quick progress into absolute misery."—Melancholy as this picture appears, and degrading as it is to human nature, I greatly fear it has been drawn with too accurate a hand, and that many of the evils of which we complain, are more frequently the effect of our own misconduct, than of those misfortunes to which the most cool and dispassionate are liable.—Yet the overthrow of domestic concord does not always arise from the ebullition of passion; for there are a variety of different methods, by which the happiness of those with whom we associate may be discomforted, and yet the discomforter appear perfectly calm and collected.

But, to revert to the subject peculiarly under consideration—namely, the pernicious effects which arise to children from the domestic discord of their parents—If a young man, just entering into life, finds his home rendered a scene of disquiet by the constant or frequent disagreement of his parents, it is natural to suppose he will seek for that gratification which the hours of leisure and recreation allow him, wherever he can enjoy quiet and composure.—

To the most intimate of his friends he cannot always expect to find welcome admission: delicacy will prevent him from exposing himself to the imputation of being an intruder: to prevent this, he flies to houses of public entertainment; and what was begun from necessity, is soon converted into habit.—The consequences which must arise from exchanging the tranquil enjoyments of a domestic circle, for the different species of amusement which the tavern affords, are too striking to require illustration: yet they are evidently of a nature to corrupt the heart.—If the young man, from principle and propriety, refrain from seeking this kind of enjoyment, how cheerless and uncomfortable must be his home, where discord supplies the place of harmony, and where the voice of affection never sounds!

To render home attractive, is as much the duty of a parent, as it is, during infancy and childhood, to supply their offspring with food; and there is no season of life where moroseness and ill-nature are so truly insupportable, as during the period of youth.

As I have endeavoured to point out the almost incalculable miseries which a disunion of sentiment between parents may entail on their male offspring, I will now advert to those which must consequently attach to my own sex; whose situation, under similar circumstances, must be still more deplorable.—Home is the scene of female action:—no professional pursuits draw the individual from it; and, if that is uncomfortable, adieu to tranquillity and happiness!

The desire of happiness is actually interwoven with our existence; and the unfortunate young woman, who enjoys it not in the society of her parents, anticipates the hope of finding it in the marriage-state; and too often, alas! in her endeavour to avoid Scylla, has Charybdis made a total wreck of her peace!—This is no overcharged description;—this is an effect, which often occurs in real life: for how often do we find that the unhappy daughter is destined to become a miserable wife!

I will now take a slight view of the opposite picture; and endeavour to represent the marriage station, as that great Being who ordained the institution, evidently designed; I will, as far as my weak powers will permit, describe the effect which is to be expected from that example which every well-disposed parent must, from principle, be inclined to give.

In the first place, they will impress the ductile minds of their children with the highest veneration for the ordinations of their God:—in the second, they will teach them that every moral duty ought to be strictly observed.—Each parent, in their conduct to the other, will display a mixture of affection and solicitude; and endeavour to inspire their children with sentiments of affection and gratitude.—The osier twig may be bent in any direction; the ivy appears destined to cling to the oak; and not only are the minds of youth directed by their parents, but their actions instinctively influenced by example, if I may be allowed to use the term.

Of how much importance then is it, that this example should be praise-worthy!—how serious is the consideration, that on them depends the present and future happiness of their child! The reflexion ought to inspire the resolution of being cautious, even in the minutest transactions of life.—A well-conducted family has, not unaptly, been compared to a well-regulated state:

each must be guided by principle and order; and each presents a picture, which the mind loves to contemplate.—Unanimity reigns in the latter; in the former, affection and delight. The parent's first aim is to promote the happiness of his offspring, while gratitude and affection are alternately displayed in the child.

A family, thus loving and beloved, may be said to have a foretaste of the felicity described in that sacred volume on which we rest our hopes of future happiness; and, if it was ordained that perfect bliss should be enjoyed by mortals, in the performance of domestic duties it would certainly be attained.

There is something at once interesting and delightful in the sight of a family where harmony and affection reign united—where the parents, without throwing aside the dignity attached to their situation, participate in those amusements which naturally afford gratification to youth; and, by so doing, render their home the seat of enjoyment, and the scene of heart-felt delight.

If, from this view of the miseries which may arise from domestic discord, parents whose opinions are opposite should feel the necessity of concealing their disagreements from their offspring; and if they are convinced of the benefits which must be derived from rendering home the scene of comfort to young persons, I shall feel a satisfaction which it would be difficult for language to express.

(*To be continued.*)

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

The subject on which I am about to address you, is perhaps of trivial importance: but, as many others may have felt as I feel respecting it, I will venture to proceed, hoping for your usual indulgence. I am sometimes in the habit of attending the Foundling-Hospital chapel, where the feeling I speak of has been excited by hearing a theatrical singer, who is employed to sing anthems there. I believe the person I allude to is a most respectable individual; and he is undoubtedly to be praised for his exertions to support his family: but I never can conceive it proper, that a singer, who is engaged during the week at a theatre, should be employed to sing sacred music in a church or chapel on the sabbath. I know it has long been customary, and have no doubt that this circumstance has reconciled to it many minds which otherwise would feel very differently on the subject. My reason for objecting to it is principally this—When I have heard an anthem tricked out with the fanciful arbitrary decorations of vocal music, too often its sacred simplicity has been lost on me; and I have been almost ready to clap my hands in token of applause, as I should have done in a theatre. Sacred music should flow in one pure, unbroken stream, like the clear current stealing through the vale, unruffled by a Zephyr, undimpled by a wanton fly. Surely, in all establishments like the Foundling-Hospital, the best appeal to a feeling heart would be the simple unaffected melody of youth, of youth snatched from irremediable ruin and want, to be placed in society, well-educated but humble individuals. Some of them will naturally possess better voices than others: let such be well instructed in singing; and I am confident, that, besides saving a considerable expense in paying a theatrical singer, the ends of religion and charity would be better consulted, than in the present mode.

Having mentioned the Foundling-Hospital, I will trouble you with two or three remarks respecting it, which have occasionally struck me; or indeed I had better put them as questions to any of your correspondents who may be better informed than I am respecting that establishment.—I have thought, that, in comparison with other charities, the Foundling-Hospital had fewer children, considering how rich its funds must be, and how amazingly those funds must be increasing from the buildings lately erected on the estate belonging to it. To account for this, I had sometimes imagined that the children here had perhaps a better, and consequently more expensive education given them; but I do not believe that this is materially the case. At other times, I have thought that perhaps too great a portion of the funds of this charity is devoted to pay its numerous officers. In this I may be wrong; but it does seem pretty certain that too much of the building itself is set apart for their accommodation; and I do think, that, if proper attention were paid to this, nearly twice the number of children could be kept in the hospital that there now is. These are, I am quite willing to confess, the suggestions of an individual in a great degree unacquainted with the real state of the above establishment; and, as such, I shall bow with all deference to any convincing answer coming from a better-informed person. But, in the mean time, I wish it to be perfectly understood, that my only motive for making any of the remarks in this letter is a wish to see the benefactions of charity go, as little diminished as possible, to the relief of the objects for whom they were intended.

Benevolence is one of the noblest feelings of our nature: it is so nearly allied to mercy, that, like it, 'tis twice blessed. The heart that prompts the hand to bestow, feels an expanding glow, which more than repays it; while the wretched being who receives the hallowed boon, lifts up his tearful eye to Heaven, unable perhaps to find in language the expressions which his heart would wish to utter. Surely the tear that trickles down his cheek, will be more acceptable in the eye of Heaven, than all the studied eloquence of prayer.

Indeed, the best boast of an Englishman—and it is a boast of which every one of us ought to be proud—is, that no country, however large, on the face of the globe, can produce any thing like the list of private charities, that this little sea-encircled spot has to show. Our bravery and our conquests by sea and land—our improved agriculture and our manufactures—our constitution and our laws—the beauty and virtue of our females—are, all of them, boasts belonging to Great Britain, which may, unfearing superiority, proudly challenge the whole world: but the silent, un-ostentatious spread of private charity is a nobler boast than all these, and, more than all, makes me proud of my country and my home.

"There is a land, of ev'ry land the pride,
Belov'd by Heav'n o'er all the world beside;
Where brighter suns dispense serener light,
And milder moons emparadise the night;
A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,
Time-tutor'd age, and love-exalted youth.
The wand'ring mariner, whose eye explores
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,
Views not a realm so bountiful and fair,
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air.
In ev'ry clime, the magnet of his soul,
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole;
For, in this land of Heav'n's peculiar grace,
The heritage of nature's noblest race,

There is a spot of earth supremely blest,
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest,
Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride,
While in his soften'd looks benignly blend
The sire, the son, the husband, father, friend.
Here woman reigns: the mother, daughter, wife,
Strews with fresh flow'rs the narrow way of life;
In the clear heav'n of her delightful eye,
An angel guard of Loves and Graces lie:
Around her knees domestic duties meet,
And fire-side pleasures gambol at her feet!
"Where shall that land, that spot of earth, be found?"
Art thou a man? a patriot?—look around!
Oh! thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,
That land thy country, and that spot thy home!" *Montgomery.*

I am, Mr. Editor, your most obedient servant, AN ENGLISHMAN.

Anecdotes of BONAPARTÉ *and the Empress* MARIA LOUISA. *From "The Philosopher," a work lately published by General* SARRAZIN.

THE Empress Maria Louisa, on her arrival at Compiegne, was very much astonished to find in her apartments the very furniture which had occupied her rooms in the Imperial palace at Vienna; for Berthier had contrived to have it all removed, and sent by post-carriages.—He was present when Maria Louisa was thus agreeably surprised, and received her thanks for the attention.—He immediately replied, that he had "only executed the Emperor's commands."—"I supposed so, Sir," said her Majesty: "but I ought to thank you for your zeal in so well fulfilling the smallest intention of my husband." -Berthier had carried the gallantry of his royal master so far, as to send off many animals which had called forth the Princess's attachment; particularly a Canary-bird, which sang most delightfully, and to which she was peculiarly partial.

In the first private interview Bonaparté had with his illustrious consort, he made her the strongest protestations of ardent and inviolable attachment; and, among other declarations, said, that he should "esteem himself the happiest of men, if, by his attentions to anticipate her smallest wishes, he should succeed in rendering himself the object of her affection."—The Empress answered, "That would not be very difficult, as she had loved him before she knew him."—Notwithstanding the appearance of sincerity which accompanied this assurance, Bonaparté appeared incredulous, and said, "I thank you for the flattering compliment you have the goodness to pay me; and I beg you to believe that I shall do every thing in my power to deserve it."—"I have only told you what I really felt," replied Maria Louisa. "I am of a family in which the love of glory is hereditary; and you have acquired so large a portion of it, that the avowal I have made ought not to be suspected."

At this declaration, Bonaparté threw himself at the knees of his consort, who hastily raising him, they mutually embraced each other, and in the most sacred manner vowed eternal attachment.—The Emperor's vanity was too much flattered by the assurance the Empress had given him, to allow the proof of her attachment to remain confined to his own breast: he related it to Berthier, Duroc, and other confidents; and the anecdote, according to his wishes, was rapidly circulated.

Upon Maria Louisa's arrival at Paris, she was visited by the most distinguished personages of the old court.—The high nobility of the Fauxbourg St. Germain, till then inflexible, and who had pertina-

ciously refused all Bonaparté's invitations, could not resist the satisfaction of imparting to the Arch-duchess of Austria the deep regret which they had felt for fifteen years at the dreadful catastrophè of her august aunt.—"It is in vain," answered the Empress, "that we endeavour to oppose the decrees of Providence.—Too much goodness brought my unfortunate relatives to the scaffold.—It is possible that my husband and myself may experience the same fate: but it is certain," she added, "that it will not be from the same cause."—The dignified tone of her voice, a profound sigh which escaped from her bosom, and the tears which sorrowful recollection rendered her unable to restrain, gave the whole assembly a very high idea of the nobleness of her character, the justness of her understanding, and the sensibility of her heart.

While the Emperor was visiting the quays at Boulogne, the Empress amused herself by taking an airing in a boat in the interior part of the harbour.—On her return, she perceived Bonaparté, who had been waiting for her; and, in her haste to join him, her foot slipped, and she must have fallen, had not General Vandamme, who was leading her by the hand, put his arm round her waist, and prevented the accident.—The Emperor, who was not more than ten paces distant, instead of anxiously inquiring whether she had hurt herself, appeared to have his jealousy excited by a subject presuming to put his arm round the waist of his sovereign.—"What! do you not yet, Madam, know how to use your feet?" said he, in an angry tone of voice.—The Empress, without appearing disconcerted, looked at him steadfastly, and then, assuming an air of jocularity, said, "To hear you speak thus, Sir, I should imagine *you* had never made a *false step* in your life."—This reproach was uttered in a tone of sweetness and dignity, and, from the effect it produced, evidently made an impression upon the hearer's heart; for, feeling himself in the wrong, he submissively replied, "I beg, Madam, you will excuse my abruptness, and only attribute it to the fear occasioned by the idea of the injury you might receive from falling."—"Since that is the case," rejoined the Empress, "I forgive you; and entreat you to let me have the use of your arm."

This circumstance happened at Boulogne on the twenty-fifth of May, 1810.—Bonaparté, unattended by the parade of guards, conducted the Empress through the immense crowd that had assembled, who, with one voice, exclaimed, "Long live the Empress!" but the acclamation of "Long live the Emperor!" was scarcely heard.

To the Editor of the Lady's Magazine.

Sir,

I am a diffident man; and there is a sort of aukward bashfulness hanging about me, which most assuredly prevents my advancement in life. Now, as you appear a friendly creature, I hope I may, without being laughed at, fairly lay my case before you. To begin, then, I should tell you, that, when very young, this diffidence first showed itself in my great aversion to being kissed by the ladies of my mother's acquaintance. A great deal of this has slipped my own memory: but it was refreshed the other day by a good old lady, who actually made me blush in a room full of company, chiefly young females, by telling me of this early fault of mine. She declared that I absolutely kicked, scratched, and

screamed to such a degree, that it was impossible to obtain a kiss. At school, the boys made game of me, and were perpetually playing me some unlucky trick: yet I never could muster up sufficient confidence to resent their wicked frolics.

Soon after my arrival at manhood, by the death of my parents I was left in possession of a snug income, and began to lay plans for my future comfort: and the first idea that presented itself, as forming the basis of that comfort, was to get married. But, dear me! how much did I deceive myself!—I directly set about making myself pleasant to the ladies: I learned music, had a few lessons in singing, dressed gaily, went to a dancing-master's assemblies, who undertook to improve grown gentlemen, and practised pretty soft speeches when alone, till I really began to think that I was a tolerable little fellow, and had great hopes of succeeding in my wishes. But, in the very first large party I joined, and to which I went fully determined to please, I do assure you, Sir, I was actually tittered at: my compliments were so misplaced, my manner so overstrained, and my whole demeanour so different from that of every other person, that I could not but feel they had too much reason for their tittering.

At length singing was proposed; and I hoped now to recover a little of my lost fame; for, between ourselves, I have a pretty taste for singing, and, when alone, had got through my songs very decently.—But the nearer it came to my turn, the more miserable I felt: my heart beat thick: I experienced a choaking sensation; and, to conclude the whole, when I began to sing, I got out the first word, which happened to be, "*Oh*:" but, beyond that, not a syllable could I utter: my tongue absolutely stuck to the roof of my mouth, which felt as parched as if I had been in a high fever; and, to my utter dismay, I heard the exclamation, "*Oh*," travelling from lip to lip with a sort of malicious ecstasy—so, at least, I interpreted it.—This lasted some time, before I could stammer out an apology; when the company began smoothing their puckered faces, and cheering me up by "*Oh!* never mind"—"Try again"—"I know you can sing"—"Now, pray, do"—and various other scraps of comfort, till at length I did try again, and, by a most violent effort, got out, in a kind of half whisper,

"Oh! where, and oh! where"—

but here it again ended; and some wicked wag at the other end of the room immediately saying, "*Oh! where, indeed?*"—set the whole party in a roar. It was too much, Sir! I could not bear it, but fairly betook myself to flight, murmuring something about illness, and leaving them to triumph over my fallen hopes.

I could relate many more such occurrences, but will not occupy your time with them.—Since then, I have never been able to conquer my complaint: I have seen ladies that I admired, have longed for the opportunity of being alone with them: the opportunity has offered itself: but, in all cases of this kind, my tongue, as in the song, has ever refused to do its office; and, instead of gaining ground, I was sure to lose what little I had already got.—I have been acquainted with two or three lasses of great spirit, and who were, in plain English, romps. I have been sometimes left alone with one of them; and you may believe me, that I could only compare my feelings then to what I must have felt when I used to resist the ladies

kissing me in early life. I positively felt (and I mention this only for your private ear)—I positively felt, Sir, a fear that I should be saluted against my will.

Now I hope you will not let me be laughed at; for mine is a pitiable condition. I have every wish to please, but cannot; and I fear I shall die an old bachelor.

If you can think of any mode by which this tormenting diffidence of mine can be conquered, and will inform me of it, I shall feel more obliged to you than words can express.—I remain, Sir, with profound respect, yours, TITUS TIMID.

The PLEASURES *of* BENEVOLENCE.

(*Continued from page* 205.)

IT was in vain that the benevolent Lady Mortimer endeavoured to divert the mind of the little Adolphus from the death-bed of his unfortunate mother; for, like Rachel mourning for her children, he refused every kind of comfort; and at length she was under the necessity of returning him to his attached nurse.

Mr. Colville in the mean time was busily occupied in writing to his friend Frazier, and giving proper directions to the undertaker, for the interment of the unfortunate Mrs. Sinclair.—The return of the post was looked forward to, with the greatest anxiety; but no letter from Mr. Frazier arrived; and Lady Mortimer and her friends were at a loss to determine whether the former would be authorised to take possession of the child.—On the third day after the death of Mrs. Sinclair, the worthy Mr. Frazier arrived, and corroborated Martha's narrative in every particular—at the same time informing Mr. Colville that the father of the little Augustus resided in Madeira at that time.—Two of his children, it seems, had fallen victims to that malignant disorder which threatened to terminate their mother's life; and, a short time after that event, an annuity had been left her of eight hundred a year—a sum, which, in the opinion of her unprincipled husband, gave charms to her person which he had never discovered before.—To preserve a life which disease had rendered doubtful, was of the utmost consequence to Mr. F**d; and, as the physicians recommended Lisbon or Madeira, he resolved to take up his residence in the latter place, where Mrs. F**d, in the course of the winter, completely recovered her health.—After the welfare of the being whom he had so basely deceived, or her lovely little offspring, he never made the slightest inquiry; and Mr. Frazier assured Lady Mortimer that the father of the unfortunate little Adolphus was so totally indifferent about him, that there was not a chance of his wishing to remove him from her protection.

"I do not exactly accord in this opinion, my dear Frazier," said Mr. Colville: "for I conceive that three hundred a year will be a great object to that despicable man; and that, to obtain possession of it, he will pretend to feel repentance for his former neglect.—However," he continued, "I think I can prevent him from exerting that power which his near relationship to Adolphus might authorise, by threatening to expose the villany of his conduct to his present wife; and, for this purpose, I will immediately write to him, if you will furnish me with his proper address."

"Though your suggestion respecting the attractive power of property never struck me," replied Mr. Frazier, "yet allow me to say, I think Lady Mortimer is the person

who ought to write to this unprincipled man; and I will inclose her letter in one of mine, corroborating the account of the unfortunate Mrs. Sinclair's death."

This plan was no sooner decided upon, than put in execution. Her ladyship simply stated matters of fact; described the manner in which she had accidentally become acquainted with the victim of F**d's depravity, and gave him an account of her death.—She concluded her affecting epistle, by describing her own misfortunes; declaring her resolution of remaining in a widowed state; and her intention of considering Adolphus as her adopted child.

Mr. Frazier, having paid the last tribute of respect to the memory of the unfortunate Mrs. Sinclair, immediately returned to town; when Martha, and her young master, (as she termed him) were removed to Lady Mortimer's house.—So sweetly conciliating were the manners of that admirable woman, that the child had not been a week under her roof, before he bestowed upon her the appellation of his new mamma; and so strongly were his affections attracted by her kindness, that he preferred her society to that of Martha.—These proofs of affection were returned with double interest; for Lady Mortimer felt that this lovely child in some degree filled up the dreadful vacuum which death had made in her heart, and which the society of an insipid companion was not likely to diminish.—Miss Downing, as was mentioned at the commencement of her ladyship's history, was the daughter of a clergyman universally esteemed, but whose confined income prevented him from making any provision for his child. —Lady Mortimer, with that sympathy for the unfortunate, which influenced all her actions, no sooner heard of this orphan girl's destitute condition, than she offered her an asylum: but there was an inertness in her disposition, and a want of exertion in her character, which rendered her a very unfit being to call forth Lady Mortimer's affections.—Nature seemed to have endowed the little Adolphus with all her finer susceptibilities:—he was warm in his attachments, grateful in his feelings, and ardent in all his childish propensities. To subdue the impetus of the passions—to direct his energies—and to turn his ardent affections into their proper course, Lady Mortimer felt, would at once occupy her attention, and prevent her mind from brooding over her irreparable loss.

In the practice of benevolence and the fulfilment of active duties, Lady Mortimer passed the winter in Devonshire; and five months had elapsed from the period of Mrs. Sinclair's dissolution, before a letter from the unprincipled F**d reached her hands.—Conscience—that certain haunter of the depraved man's imagination—though it slumbers, can never soundly sleep; and it was roused into the most powerful action by the account of the death of the being he had so cruelly injured. —His letter was expressive not only of sorrow for his past offences, but of the utmost contrition of mind; and, to give a just idea of the impression under which it was written, in the ensuing lines it is faithfully transcribed—

"Madam,

"With a heart torn by the most contrite sensations, and a body laboring under the torture of an incurable disease, I do myself the honor of acknowledging the receipt of your ladyship's letter, dated October the twenty-eighth.

"If the prayers of a man whose

conduct had proved him lost to every sentiment of honor could obtain acceptance at the throne of grace, mine should be offered to that Being whose laws I have treated with such negligence, for your ladyship's kindness to the hapless mother of my child.—But, laden with crimes, and bowed down with the weight of offences, prayer must be presumptuous:—I dare not pray:—I cannot hope for pardon!—As a wretch I have lived; and in the dread of a future retribution I must die!

"Oh! Madam! Oh! Lady Mortimer! detestable as my conduct must have made me in your eyes, could you behold the sufferings of the man who now addresses you, they would call from your sympathising bosom the commiserative sigh!—But I ought, and do apologise for the egotism of this epistle; and, instead of describing my own sufferings, I ought merely to have expressed the gratitude of my feelings—feelings, which the power of language cannot describe, or the pen of a ready writer express!—My son, Madam, educated under the auspices of such an exalted character, and inheriting the virtues of his ill-fated mother, will, I trust, become an ornament to society, and an honor to human nature

"Should the Almighty in mercy, lengthen my existence, and allow me time for repentance, never will I claim relationship with the object of your protection—never shock his feelings by the sight of his worthless parent! No, Madam! too severely do I feel the effect of bad example, ever to force myself into my child's presence!—To your protecting care, Lady Mortimer, I resign him;—on you, and you alone, depends his future destiny. I relinquish all claim to his person and fortune, and subscribe myself, Madam, your eternally obliged E. F**D."

Much as Lady Mortimer despised the character of the writer of this epistle, it was impossible for a woman of her exquisite sensibility to peruse it unmoved; and, clasping the little Adolphus to her bosom, she exclaimed, "Now, my beloved boy, I may consider you as my son!"

Renovated in health by the mild air of Devonshire, and restored to a degree of tranquillity by a succession of benevolent exertions, at the commencement of the ensuing summer Lady Mortimer returned to the fertile banks of the Severn. That this return should be hailed by all classes of society is natural; for a woman of Lady Mortimer's urbanity of manners and benevolence of heart must be a desirable acquisition to any neighbourhood where she might be inclined to take up her abode.

Though, from the childish caresses of the little Adolphus, tears of conjugal and parental affection would frequently flow, yet, while she mourned the irreparable loss of those dear connexions, her grateful heart sensibly acknowledged the many blessings she still enjoyed.—On the day that Adolphus completed his sixth year, a young clergyman of Mr. Colville's acquaintance undertook the office of private tutor, who expressed his astonishment at finding him so extremely forward.—Soon after this event, Lady Mortimer could not help observing that her companion, Miss Downing, actually appeared a new character;—animation seemed to have taken place of insipidity; and the being who had been accustomed merely to answer in monosyllables, would frequently advance subjects for con-

versation.—A conduct so new, unexpected, and agreeable, naturally called forth her patroness's observation; and she soon discovered that Mr. Lindsey (which was the name of the young clergyman) was the inspirer of this wonderful alteration.

A few years only had elapsed from Mr. Lindsey's entrance into Lady Mortimer's family, when the rector of the adjoining village suddenly expired; and, as the disposal of the living rested with her ladyship, she immediately presented it to Adolphus's tutor, on condition, that, though he was to reside at the rectory he was, each day, to devote a certain number of hours to the improvement of her adopted son.—Then, and not till then, did Mr. Lindsey avow his attachment to the benevolent Being, who, by bestowing upon him the comfort of competence, enabled him to offer his hand to the person who had long possessed his affection; and Miss Downing, stimulated by the example of her amiable benefactress, determined that the rectory should display a minor kind of benevolence. Adolphus divided his time between study, and grateful attention to the incomparable Lady Mortimer; and, as he increased in years, displayed those shining qualities which did honor to his head and his heart.

(To be continued.) page 36[illegible]

The Country Fair.

I love to see the smile of pleasure beaming in the rustic's countenance; nor can I envy that man whose wisdom would lead him to turn away in utter contempt from the sports of a country fair. It makes a holiday for miles around, which, as soon as the sun is up, is proclaimed by the village bells. Happy morning to all the lads and lasses! They rise, hurry on their best clothes, and trudge off, all jollity, for the fair; deeming, as they go along, that the sun shines brighter than usual on the gay occasion. They pass in pairs—John and Mary arm in arm together; and a luckless rogue he must needs be, who cannot find a fair one to accompany him. See them at the fair:—scarcely do they know which way to turn themselves. Here the drum calls to the puppet-show: there the trumpet announces the wild beasts: at this corner are the horse-riders, at that the tumblers and dancers; while the formal quack doctor in the midst is dealing forth his falsehood and his physic together; his Merry Andrew meanwhile keeping the rustics together by his quaint conceits.

Along the street, are ranged the booths for various commodities. Here are the ribbons and the mottoed garters: I love to hear the country maiden spelling out their meanings, and making comments, full of wonder, upon all she sees; for she, perhaps, has never been five miles beyond the hamlet that gave her birth, and is a total stranger to the world; here she finds a something like it—noise, cheatery, and show. I deem thee innocent, fair rustic! and therefore wish thee still the peace that rural life can give, far from the tumult and the trick of cities:—return to thy cottage life, and think not of the world.

Here are the booths for refreshment, where soon the inspiring ale makes orators of the rustics, and opens their hearts for glory. See that ploughboy, heated by his beverage, daring to shake hands with the tremendous recruiting serjeant, from whom, at any other time, he would have averted his eyes in sheepish insignificance. See! he has changed hats with him, and now receives the

serjeant's sword and a shilling together. He falls in with the other recruits, starts and staggers at the roll of t' e drum, and then marches off with the rest.—Now we see him again—his sister hanging upon him,

"Like Niobe, all tears,"

while he, full of ale and fancied glory, heeds her not, but, turning upon her a stupid stare, leaves her with a coarse expression, or an oath. Of all the music I meet with at a fair, the drum and fife of the recruiting party are most hateful. True it is, their tunes are measured well, and the ear is not offended by the discord of their tones; but the heart is offended, and the memory recalled to all the discord of "wide-wasting war"—to all the miseries of desolated plains, of weeping widows, children left fatherlesss, and the thousand horrors that attend the march of glory. Oh! take away your warlike music, and leave the fair to its salt-box, to its tin horns, to its watchmen's bells and rattles: they are melody itself, compared with the music that tempts men from their comforts and their homes.

Now the rural sports begin: the boys bob for the apples; and some of them are soused over head and ears in the tub. Now comes the donkey-race, where we find more of fun than speed; now a jingling match, and now a match at grinning. Certainly a horse-collar may be very convenient to grin through; but is not that noble animal, the horse, rather insulted, than otherwise, by the twisted contortions of countenance that disgrace his appendage? The evening approaches, as if in shame, or rather in pity, just as the chemise-race is begun; and the sober folk set out on their homeward journeys—each bearing some token, the gift of parent, friend, or sweetheart, to keep up the remembrance of the fair. I will away with these, and leave the night sports of the fair to those who like them; too often intoxication and rude riot close the scene; but here, as in the world, let not the censure that attends the intemperate few, fall on the innocent many, who have enjoyed a happy day. BENEVOLUS.

Powerful Effect of TERROR.

BEFORE the actual breaking out of the Irish rebellion in 1798, among other modes adopted for extorting confession from persons suspected of treasonable or seditious practices, was that of whipping; and so great was the terror excited in the people by this measure, that the Rev. Mr. Gordon, in his account of that unhappy period, gives it as his opinion, that, in the neighbourhood of Gorey, (and probably in other places) they would have been extremely glad to renounce for ever all notions of opposition to Government, if they could have been assured of permission to remain in a state of quietness. A particular instance of that terror is thus related in his own words.

"On the morning of the 23d of May, a laboring man, named Dennis M'Daniel, came to my house, with looks of the utmost consternation and dismay, and confessed to me that he had taken the United Irishman's oath, and had paid for a pike, with which he had not yet been furnished, nineteen-pence halfpenny, to one Kilty, a smith, who had administered the oath to him and many others. While I sent my eldest son, who was a lieutenant of yeomanry, to arrest Kilty, I exhorted M'Daniel to surrender himself to a magistrate, and make his confession; but this he positively refused, saying that he should, in that case, be lashed to make him produce a

pike which he had not, and to confess what he knew not.—I then advised him, as the only alternative, to remain quietly at home, promising, that, if he should be arrested on the information of others, I would represent his case to the magistrates. He took my advice: but the fear of arrest and lashing had so taken possession of his thoughts, that he could neither eat nor sleep; and, on the morning of the 25th, he fell on his face, and expired, in a little grove near my house."

The conscientious STATESMAN; *an Anecdote.*

MR. John Temple, son of the celebrated Sir William Temple, was appointed secretary at war, by William the Third: but, having been so unfortunate as to persuade his royal master to send his friend Captain Hamilton over to Ireland, to engage Tyrconnel, then in arms, to submit, and having passed his word for his fidelity, he was so chagrined by Hamilton's perfidy in immediately joining Tyrconnel, that he sunk into a profound melancholy, from which nothing could rouse him—not even the kindness of the king, who, convinced of his integrity, forgave him his error in judgement. Under this mental depression, he, one morning, took a boat, as if designing to go to Greenwich; but, stopping at a public-house, he made up some dispatches which he had forgotten, and, returning to the boat, seized the first opportunity of throwing himself into the Thames, having previously contrived to drop a shilling and a note unperceived. The note was as follows—"My folly, in undertaking what I was not able to perform, has done the king and kingdom a great deal of prejudice. I wish him all happiness, and abler servants than JOHN TEMPLE."

The BROTHERS; *a Moral Tale.*

(*Continued from page* 208.)

CHAP. 11.

I'm truly sorry, man's dominion
Has broken nature's social union,
And justifies that ill opinion
Which makes thee startle
At me, thy poor, earth-born companion,
And fellow mortal.

——the best laid schemes o' men
Gang aft agley,
And leave us nought but grief and pain,
For promis'd joy. *Burns.*

IT is too well known, that the generality of militia regiments are officered by plain country gentlemen, unversed in military science—by needy young men, who enter them for a maintenance—or by those who wish for a becoming uniform, without liking to face the danger generally attendant upon the right of wearing it.

Of such characters were Richmond's new associates composed; and it may easily be imagined, that the superiority of the lately commissioned captain excited no small degree of envy and ill-will. The mode of his entering the regiment was also much against him, as his company had been asked for by the senior captain, for his son; and he was not a little irritated to see it otherwise bestowed. Hence originated many inquiries respecting the more successful applicant. The colonel declared he knew nothing of him, but had given the commission at his son's request; while Lord Hardsburgh, with a malignancy suited to the other parts of his character, affected to speak slightly of a man whom he found to be unpopular, saying he could give no other account of the gentleman, than that he had, in a drinking-bout, cajoled him into a promise of thus providing for him; but, as far as the sciences of whist and billiards would be a recommendation in his new

line, he could very unequivocally and feelingly give his testimony of Captain Richmond's skill in them.

Unluckily, too, except where his heart was really interested, his manners were not conciliating; and in a little time, when he perceived that every improvement in military discipline, which his previous observation enabled him to suggest, was pertinaciously opposed, through the unveiled wish of contradicting him —he sought not to conceal the contempt, with which such mean unsoldier-like behaviour inspired him.

In this unfortunate way did our ill-starred hero make his *début*, with the addition of being stigmatised as a gambler, a French spy, avowing a set of popular principles, to conceal those which he really entertained—besides other reproachful conjectures, equally remote from truth.

His first quarters were upon the eastern coast of the kingdom; and, among the many refugees driven from their native country to seek shelter in this, to whom, from his perfect knowledge of their language, he was enabled to be serviceable, were Madame D'Almenie and her mother-in-law, wife and parent to the gentleman at whose chateau in Provence he had spent some time, and been entertained with a kindness and friendship which first showed him the felicity of a domestic life, and created a degree of gratitude in his mind, which no subsequent circumstances could ever obliterate.

These ladies were in a state of great distress: their only protector had been unable to accompany them: —overcome by the fatigues and hardships of their journey, a lovely boy, of two years and a half old, died after they had embarked:—they had been plundered of all the ready cash they had about them; and now—destitute of friends and money, and with hardly common raiment—they at length landed on the English coast.

That they should so soon meet with one who had known them in former days, seemed almost providential, while the power of being useful afforded to Frederic an alleviation to the regret of witnessing their fallen state. Upon his first intimacy at the chateau D'Almenie, he felt that admiration for its lovely mistress, which her beauty never failed to excite: but, on addressing her with the gallantry authorised by the custom of *her* country, he found her ideas were modelled according to the virtuous dignity of the fair sex in *his*; while the gentle but steady disapprobation which she evinced, impressed his mind with such a sentiment of esteem and veneration, as no personal charms would have created.

When he saw them thus degraded in a foreign country, the delicacy of his conduct prevented those doubts which their unprotected situation might otherwise have excited. Calamity conquered punctilio; and they permitted him to be their banker, till he could help them to dispose of some valuable jewels, which they had fortunately contrived to preserve.

This was hardly accomplished before his regiment was ordered down into Yorkshire: and there the amiable *émigrées* commissioned him to find out some small cheap habitation, where, besides enjoying the advantage of the sea breezes, which the delicate state of Madame D'Almenie's health rendered advisable, they might live with the frugality which their present circumstances demanded.

To that part of the kingdom, likewise, they had a particular preference, as Madame D'Almenie was

maternally descended from a respectable family in the county; and, though no communication had been preserved, she doubted not their national hospitality would prevent their disclaiming a relative, to whom their countenance and advice, till re-united to her husband, would be of essential benefit.

The mutual dissatisfaction between Captain Richmond and his brother officers being once formed, continued to increase; and, as numbers, rather than justice, influenced the opinion of disinterested people who had no concern in investigating the matter, it was taken for granted in the town where they were quartered, that an unknown individual, apparently shunned by the rest of the corps, must deserve the prejudice that existed against him.

Thus situated, he found that any pretence to get away was desirable, and obtained a fortnight's leave of absence, to go to Stillerness, a village with good accommodation for bathing, about thirteen miles off. His principal object was to fulfill Madame D'Almenie's commission: but little was he aware that the execution of it would form an æra in his life, from which a total alteration in his hopes and wishes might be dated.

At Stillerness was a little kind of hotel, where from about fourteen to eighteen persons might be tolerably accommodated; but so limited was its plan, that only one table could be provided; and, at meals, the guests always met together.

Richmond arrived just at three o'clock, and was immediately ushered into the dining-room, where, at the bottom of the table, he found himself placed among a party of brown-wigged, middle-aged men, and black-bonneted old women, with three younger ones (whom the labors of the toilet had detained till the fish was nearly gone) so bedizened with trinkets, and bedecked with all the colors of the rainbow, that their appearance was equally disgusting and ridiculous. From the military stranger, whose arrival had, in some degree, occasioned their double decoration and delay—and whose opinions of the fair sex were delicate, even to fastidiousness—they received but a glance a-piece; and that look so sufficiently conveyed his sentiments, that they dared not pester him with their conversation.

An elderly woman, however, whom conscious wealth inspired both with courage and condescension, pressed him to eat of every thing within her reach—adding, that she was sure there was "as good a dinner as any Christian need sit down to."—"Very likely, Madam: but it is much earlier than my heathen-like time of dining," said Frederic.

"And I think it far too late," rejoined another of his neighbours; "and that's just the difference between us, Captain."

"And I say it's over hot to eat," exclaimed another female.

"But, comfortably as you travelled, cousin," resumed Mrs. Goodbarrow, the first speaker, "you need not complain.—She and I and my husband, Sir," added this female orator, addressing her discourse to the new comer, "came in but just before you; or we wouldn't have *sot* higher up at table upon *no* account.—We were in our own carriage, with only my daughter Fawcett's maid and child, who (poor thing!) was quite a pleasure of a companion to us—Not but our two horses *sweat* very much: but, though they might find it sultry, I'm sure, in the inside, we were all as snug as could be."

"And pray, Madam, do you drive

your own horses?" asked Richmond, who found he was expected to say something.

"No, Sir: never such a thing? *Peter* drives. Why, you didn't suppose we came in a gig?—I assure you, we've kept our own carriage since Martinmas gone a year."

"Ten times worse than the mess-room!" ejaculated Richmond to himself; and, casting his eyes round, to see if there were any thing better than brown wigs and black bonnets, he at length rested them upon a gentleman and lady at the other end of the table, who were the only people besides himself that had the appendage of a footman; and, upon inquiry, he found them to be a Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake from the neighbourhood of Nottingham, who came annually into that part of the country, to give their children the advantage of sea-bathing, and visit some near relatives.

Mr. and Mrs. Mortlake were both of that civil yet common sort of characters, who are more easily to be met with than described. As such, there was nothing in their society to afford attraction to Richmond: yet, when invited by Mr. Mortlake to take coffee and play cards with him up stairs, it seemed preferable to associating with the people below; and he readily complied.

A particular fondness for the game of piquet was Mr. Mortlake's leading passion; and he constantly asked some of his inmates to his drawing-room—no matter who or what they were, if they would but spend a few hours at his darling amusement. His wife, always happy to please him, played, if she was wanted; but, not being equally devoted to it, occasionally escaped: and, as her company was not required on the present occasion, she ordered her carriage, and, after a drive of about a couple of hours on th sands, returned, accompanied by on of the loveliest young women tha imagination could portray.

Richmond, who (with the ex ception of the Mortlakes) had fan cied himself among a set of demi savages, found a sort of new-bor interest, the moment he beheld th addition to the company, whi made him forget that he had, onl three hours before, determined n to remain longer than that nigh Whether he remarked the grace o Miss Monson's appearance, whe silent—or the musical tone of h voice, and animation of her counte nance, when speaking—still he pe ceived that it was reserved for the j recently despised Stillerness to sho him the most fascinating of her se

(*To be continued.*)

The Fleet Prison; *or a* Cure *for* Extravaganc

(*Concluded from page* 217.)

As sleep was a stranger to m eye-lids during the few hours tha devoted to my bed, I arose at a early hour: but, to my astonis ment, on arriving at the place of de tination, I perceived the house sh up.—Upon knocking at the do it was opened by the servant wh I had terrified into obedience of o ders.—The fellow shook his hea and, with an appearance of sorro said, "Ah! Sir! my poor mistr is no more!"—There was someth so shocking in the idea of a wre so lost to every principle of vir being suddenly summoned into presence of her Maker, that a su den faintness overwhelmed m and I was actually obliged to le against the door.—Recovering m self, I emphatically exclaim "May the God of mercy have co passion upon her soul! But yo young man," I added, "who h

been receiving the wages of iniquity, recollect that repentance is still within your power; and, if you wish for a friend better capable of advising you than I am, call upon Sir William Davenport in Berkley-square."

Those principles, which, through an intimate association with immoral characters, had so long lain dormant, seemed at this moment suddenly to revive; and I could not avoid asking my own heart, if I had not cause to repent of many crimes! —The loveliness of virtue had never struck me so forcibly, as when Maria was relating her artless tale; and the sudden death of the wicked woman who had endeavoured to destroy her peace for ever, directed my thoughts to the power of avenging Omnipotence.—Instead of seeking Malcombe, or returning to any of my morning lounges, I hastened home, and shut myself up in my apartment, where, upon taking a retrospect of my past misconduct, I found that I had more reason for contrition, than the uneducated being whom I had advised to repent.

Upon taking leave of Sir William Davenport, I had promised to call upon him between the hours of one and two: therefore, after having made some little alteration in my dress, I ordered my carriage, and in a short time was set down at his door.—Though we both resided in the same county, and were personally known to each other, yet, as our estates were thirty miles distant, no degree of intimacy had taken place: nevertheless he received me with all the warmth of friendship, and, conducting me into the library, introduced me to his lady.—If I was gratified by the ingenuous and cordial manner of Sir William, I was still more so by the urbanity and sweetness conspicuous in Lady Davenport, whose expressions of gratitude for the services I had rendered to the amiable Maria, far exceeded what was due to me.—After conversing some time upon the subject of my last night's adventure, and lamenting the sudden death of the infamous Mrs. G***, her ladyship said with some appearance of embarrassment, "Will you promise not to think me impertinent, if I ask whether you are perfectly satisfied with the person who has the management of your affairs?"

"Does your ladyship mean the person now residing at the Lodge," I eagerly demanded, "or Mr. Malcombe, my late tutor?"—"If I am rightly informed," replied Lady Davenport, "they are so closely connected, that you cannot be dissatisfied with one, without its affecting the other: but, short as our acquaintance is, your conduct to poor Maria has been so praiseworthy, that I cannot consider you in the light of a stranger.—The truth is, Mr. Lessington, that I have received a letter this morning from Leicestershire, containing intelligence which materially concerns you:—it is from what I term a chit-chat correspondent, who derives peculiar pleasure from detailing all the news."—At that moment the door opened, and two ladies and a gentleman were announced, who, I soon found, had come by appointment, to attend her ladyship to the Museum.—Disappointed at not receiving the intelligence which Lady Davenport was going to communicate when these, to me unwelcome, visitors arrived, I took my leave, requesting permission to wait upon her ladyship the next morning, at any hour that she might appoint.

Vexed and mortified at the interruption to our confidential conversation, and still more so at not having

seen Maria, I sent back my carriage, and strolled into Bond-street, with the image of that lovely girl possessing every idea.—"You are the very man I have been in search of," exclaimed Colonel Leinster, clapping me familiarly upon the shoulder.—"Why, where the devil have you been all this morning? for I have actually called five different times at your door."

I coolly replied that I had accidentally met with a Leicestershire acquaintance.—"Well, my dear fellow," he continued, "that is not to the point. I do not mean to pry into your private secrets: but you must positively accompany me to White's;—for Dashwood, Clavering, and half a dozen others, are waiting for us, and have commissioned me to invite you to a turtle-feast.—We mean, as you may suppose, by way of giving a whet to our appetites, to pass the intervening hours in rattling the dice."

It was in vain that I urged a pre-engagement, and indisposition: the former was not listened to, and the latter disbelieved; and, passing his arm under mine, he absolutely declared I should accompany him, and actually dragged me to White's.—We found, as he had informed me, a party assembled, who all began to rally me upon my pretended engagement; and all were eager to discover who my Leicestershire acquaintance was. That aversion which I had felt to gambling upon my first arrival in London, seemed to return with redoubled force: yet I had not resolution to withstand their raillery; and, with the impetuosity of passion, I seised the box.—All the fabled evils of Pandora were surely concealed in it—but, alas! without that solace, hope; for, provoked by a succession of ill-fortune, to sustain my spirits I drank unusually hard.—At that moment I seemed one of those miserable beings who appear fated to bring destruction upon themselves; for, while my conscience impressively warned me against the two vices I was indulging, yet, in spite of her remonstrances, I continued to play and drink.—Deprived of reason, prudence, and temper, by fortune proving my enemy at every attempt I made to court her smiles—I madly exclaimed, "I have lost all my money; and this throw decides the fate of Lessington Lodge; or, in other words, Gentlemen, I now stake it against any one who can afford to lose its real worth."

No time was allowed for recantation. "Done! Done!" was vociferated from several voices.—"I'll go your halves"—"I'll be a fourth with you, if you lose"—resounded from every side.—Phrensied by this too evident proof of the actual league that existed against me, I seised the box with the action of a maniac:—but the die was cast; my ruin was premeditated; and Lessington Lodge became the property of my antagonist.

A sudden faintness at that moment overwhelmed me—I reeled back a few paces, then fell upon the floor.—Of what followed I am totally ignorant; and, when I recovered my senses, I found myself in a handsome bed-room, in company with a total stranger, and a medical gentleman, who was in the act of tying up my arm.—To the operation he had performed, I am most probably indebted for the preservation of my existence, or, at any rate, for the restoration of reason; for I felt the current of my blood rushing with impetuous violence from my heart to my head.—I attempted to speak; but the surgeon forbade it, assuring me that

the continuance of my reason depended upon total quiet; while the humane stranger, in the most soothing accent, implored me implicitly to follow the salutary counsel.—Then stooping down, he added in a whisper, "I am unfortunately obliged to leave London for a few days: but I think the evidence I can give will be sufficient to restore to your possession that beautiful spot, Lessington Lodge.—Let this circumstance, however, be buried in your own bosom, until I return."

This distant ray of hope was a balm to that agitation which my own imprudence had produced; and, as I strictly followed the advice of my skilful physician, in a few hours my fever was subdued; and, on the following evening, I returned to what I vainly considered as my home.—Upon entering it, I was accosted by two ill-looking fellows, who instantly made me their prisoner, producing writs, which actually astonished me by the immensity of the sums.

My readers will recollect, that, from a habit of indolence, I had empowered that detestable villain, Malcombe, to pay all my bills: but, upon examining the different accounts which were brought against me, I discovered that he had paid none.—My keepers, with some degree of civility, inquired whether I would be conducted to the Fleet prison, or a spunging-house; but, having no money to supply the expenses of the latter, I desired them to convey me to prison.

I will not attempt to describe the sensations which overwhelmed me when I found myself inclosed within these dismal walls: the horror of my mind, however, was certainly diminished by the pointed civility of the master of the house. He entreated me to support the vicissitude of fortune with the firmness of a man, invited me to take supper with him, and assured me he would provide me with a good bed.

Though solitude at such a moment would have been preferable to society, yet I thought that to refuse his invitation would seem to argue a want of gratitude: I therefore said that I was ready to accompany him; and he conducted me into a handsome parlour.—As the depravity of Malcombe more deeply wounded my feelings, than the recollection of my own misconduct, I disclosed the whole of his iniquity to my companion, from the first moment of my coming into the possession of my fortune.—He listened to my recital with the most anxious solicitude;—gave it as his opinion that Colonel Leinster and he had combined their influence to produce my destruction; requested me to give him an exact description of their persons, that he might immediately send hand-bills to every port in England. I observed that the lateness of the hour would prevent him from putting this judicious scheme in practice until the following morning; but he assured me he always had people in readiness to perform that kind of business.—"And we must offer," continued he, "a large bribe for detection—not less than five hundred pounds."—"Five hundred pounds!" I exclaimed—"Do you recollect, Sir, that I am not master of five hundred pence? Wretch that I have been, to waste that wealth bestowed upon me for such noble purposes!—Oh! the bare recollection of my folly is insupportable!"

"In *you*, Mr. Lessington," he replied, "I behold a young man naturally inclined to be amiable; whose virtuous principles have been subverted by the abandoned conduct

of your associates: and, if we are fortunate enough to secure the persons of the plunderers of your property, I have no doubt of being repaid. *I* will advance the sum proposed for their detection; and God Almighty grant that our endeavours may succeed!"

Three weeks have now nearly elapsed, since I first entered this abode of wretchedness and iniquity—and no intelligence has been obtained either of Leinster or Malcombe; and that hope, which had been inspired by the hint suggested by the stranger, alas! is nearly gone.—Yet by some invisible power I am supplied with sustenance: the generous master of this place has given me a general invitation to dine at his table: but, as my spirits are not sufficiently good to allow me to join in conversation, I take my cheerless meals alone.—From a neglected education, I have but little enjoyment in reading; and my memory, from want of application, might be compared to a sieve.—In writing alone, do I ever receive gratification: from a mere child, it has always been my favorite employment; and, as the idea struck me that *my* imprudences might operate as a warning to the young and affluent, I unhesitatingly determined to publish them

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I had just completed the last sentence, when the door opened, and the worthy master of this dismal mansion appeared, followed by Sir William Davenport, and the humane stranger.—"Do not think I have been ignorant of your misfortunes, or have not felt for your situation," said the baronet, at the same time extending his friendly hand; "for I have been half over the kingdom to serve you, since we last met. You must not interrupt me," he continued, perceiving me eager to express the grateful emotions of my heart: "but I am fatigued; and, as my tale will be rather prolix, with your permission I will take a chair:" then turning to his companion, he said, "Cooper, you had better sit down."—With a respectful bow, Mr. Cooper availed himself of the permission; while I gazed at each alternately with astonishment.—"To Cooper's exertions, Mr. Lessington," he added, "do I in great measure attribute the success of my plan: but, if you will grant me a little patience, I will methodically relate every circumstance."

A bow, which, as Sterne describes, carried expression with it, and which I intended should convey both gratitude and assent, was an inducement to Sir William to commence his narrative; which he did to the following effect.

"On the day when you, Mr. Lessington, so fortunately preserved poor Maria from a fate worse than death, Lady Davenport received a letter from Leicestershire, describing you as an almost ruined man; but representing that ruin to have been occasioned by the combined nefarious practices of Malcombe and your steward.—Lady Davenport's correspondent added, that your passion for gaming knew no bounds, and that it was reported your estate was already mortgaged for more than half its worth.

"The nobleness of your conduct to the young creature whom you had restored to our protection, interested us deeply in this report; and Lady Davenport had determined to make you acquainted with the subject of this epistle, with the friendly intent of putting you upon your guard.—This intention, you know, was frustrated by the unwelcome arrival of her friends, who

came an hour sooner than they had been expected, and whom it was impossible to leave for one moment.—You quitted our house evidently agitated and disappointed: I perceived it on your countenance, from my library window; and, calling for my hat, I determined to follow you, and give you that intelligence which my wife was unable to give.—I had nearly overtaken you, when you were accosted by Colonel Leinster, one of the most noted gamesters in town—a man, who has repeatedly been known to carry false dice about him, and, in great measure, to support the appearance of a gentleman by their use.

"I was near enough to hear him urge you to accompany him, in terms which convinced me he had some iniquitous object in view; and I hesitated for a moment whether I should not accost you, and endeavour to prevent you from being duped. Colonel Leinster, however, is a duelist, as well as a gamester; and I did not think it justifiable to hazard the loss of life even in your cause. I therefore returned home with the utmost expedition, and desired Cooper, who is my butler, to dress himself, and follow you.—I put twenty pounds into his purse, that he might play a little—knowing that he understands hazard.—I cautioned him to fix his whole attention upon your opponents, particularly Leinster; and informed him that I would have two Bow-street officers dressed in my livery, in readiness, if he observed any thing unfair.—He soon reached White's, and the officers followed him:—but, until you madly pledged your Leicestershire property, he was not able to discover any thing unfair; but he then saw the dice altered, and you completely beggared.—As he was quitting the room for the purpose of summoning his attendants in waiting, you unfortunately fell to the floor; and, while he was employed in rendering you assistance, the wretches who had plundered you, inhumanly walked off.

"I need scarcely add, that the moment you were restored to recollection, Cooper left you under a surgeon's care; and, as soon as I found my scheme had been frustrated, I consulted an eminent lawyer.—He informed me that the only method I could then pursue, was to obtain a warrant to apprehend the plunderers. This I had no difficulty in doing, upon two grounds; for, the moment you had lost your all, the abandoned Leinster hastened to your house.—There the partner of his iniquity was waiting for him; a post-chaise and four was ready prepared; and after having made themselves masters of all your valuables, these abandoned wretches set off.—The circumstance of your total ruin was soon made public; writs without number were immediately taken out; and your creditors, supposing you had never intended to pay them, were at once enraged and clamorous.—Had I attempted to satisfy their demands, I must have involved myself in difficulties; and it would have interfered with my resolution of pursuing the fugitives.—You had, doubtless, acted with imprudence and impropriety; and I thought it right you should feel the effect of it.

"While my carriage was preparing, I dispatched a letter to Mr. * * *, the superintendant of this house, informing him that bills to a large amount were out against you, which, for reasons that I should assign, I did not then consider prudent to discharge. I informed him you had been shamefully plundered, and entreated him to circulate

hand-bills describing the persons of Leinster and Malcombe.—As I did not use my own horses, I travelled with great rapidity, and actually reached Portsmouth in the space of eight hours.

"While I was pursuing my way into Hampshire, Cooper was searching the port of Chatham, and crossed over to South End; and from thence he made researches in most of the different parts of Kent.—From Portsmouth I travelled post to Plymouth; thence into Cornwall; where a letter from Cooper met me, to say he had reason to believe the fugitives were in Glamorganshire, as he had by accident discovered that Malcombe had a brother residing there.—I immediately crossed the Bristol Channel, and met my indefatigable ambassador at Gower, the place he had mentioned as the residence of Malcombe's brother.

"Not to trespass further upon your patience, there we found the wretches we were in search of—Leinster disguised as a very old gentleman, and Malcombe disfigured by a red wig, in the character of his servant.—They had concealed their names under those of O'Brian and Killarney: the former had an admirable imitation of the Irish brogue; and so great was the difficulty we had in securing them, that we were forced to bring them up in irons."

Here Sir William paused; and I was at length permitted to express the overflowing effusions of my heart. He then informed me that he had found a sufficient sum of money in the boxes of the delinquents, to pay the greater part of my creditors' demands. For the unprecedented exertions of Sir William Davenport, I was aware I could never make any compensation; but to his zealous dependant I felt delighted at having the power of making due retribution; and I trust my readers will not believe me capable of ingratitude to a man who had actually preserved me from all the miseries of want.

After taking an affectionate leave of the keeper of the prison, to whom I shall ever consider myself highly indebted, I stepped into Sir William's carriage, and was received by Lady Davenport and Maria with all the warmth of real friendship.—The image of that lovely girl had never been absent from my imagination during my confinement in the Fleet: but how could a creature laden with such a long catalogue of imperfections dare to aspire to a being whose virtues elevated her so far above me? The loss of fortune I could have sustained with some degree of fortitude; but the idea of having lost such an inestimable treasure by my own imprudence, became insupportable; and I candidly acknowledged the miserable state of my feelings to my estimable friend.

"That you have suffered, severely suffered for your indiscretions," said Sir William, "is certain: but evil habits, my dear young friend, are not easily cured; —and, though the alliance you would form is far beyond Maria's expectations, yet, as her friend and second father, it is necessary I should witness a reform.—One twelvemonth of probation I require from you; and if, during that period, you forsake the errors of your youth, most readily will I entrust the future happiness of Maria to the only being I am persuaded she ever loved."

Words were inadequate to express the joy I now experienced: with the most grateful emotions, I agreed to the proposal; and have now only to inform my readers, that my plan of reformation is begun; and, though the past cannot be re-

called, I trust my future conduct will prove that I am not totally lost to the sense of that dignity which attaches to the character of an orderly upright man.

The HIGHLAND HERMITAGE.

(Continued from page 199.)

Lady Louisa Falkland, to Miss Pembrook.——In continuation.

MIDDLETON at length ventured to approach: Matilda held out her hand to him: he pressed it eagerly in his. "Is it thus," he cried in a faultering accent—"is it thus I meet Miss Lenox? Is it now I am to bid her farewell for ever? Surely thou art an angel, or soon wilt be so! Sweet spirit of gentleness and peace! pity a wretch whose heart is heavy within him;" and, to hide his emotion, he bowed his head on her hand. Matilda, extremely affected, replied, "Dear Middleton, you distress me. Do not alarm yourself at seeing me look so pale and thin:—I shall live: I have a thousand pleasures to look forward to; and, among the many friends that Heaven has blessed me with, Middleton is not the least esteemed."—"Best and most amiable of women! continue to me your enviable friendship: I will prize it as the dearest gift of Heaven; and, when I am far away, the idea that I am not forgotten by the valued inhabitants of Lenox Abbey, will have power to attune my soul to peace in the bitterest hour of anguish and disappointment.—Great God! I came to bid you adieu—to take my leave of you, perhaps for ever! Can this frail, this erring heart ever feel a pang equal to that which now rends it? Farewell, most dear, mo t respected of women—receive this last adieu!" and he raised her hand to his lips.

Matilda turned her cheek to him, tinged with a rosy hue. "Farewell, Sir!" said she—"May the Father of mercy shield you from future misfortunes, and protect you wherever you go."

Middleton caught her with fervor in his arms, without speaking—sighed, as if his heart was breaking—hurried to the door—then waved his hand to me, and was in the carriage that waited for him in a moment. Sydney and Brudenel followed; and they immediately drove away. Matilda sunk on the sofa, pale and quite exhausted with the agitation of her spirits: she rested her head on my bosom: she wetted my neck with her tears.

We continued both silent for some considerable time; when Lady Granville joined us. This truly considerate parent would not disturb her daughter in those moments of anguish which she knew her extreme sensibility would occasion. Miss Lenox, fully sensible of the generous and affectionate behaviour of her mother, pressed her hand with rapture to her lips, saying, "My dear Madam! I cannot express the sense I have of your maternal goodness: I can only say that I will never willingly add another hour of uneasiness to the many you have experienced on my account."

Lady Granville would not hear a word of the past; and having, by her kind and soothing manner, talked her daughter into some degree of cheerfulness, Matilda proposed attending her ladyship into the drawing-room to her father and friends.

As we entered, the weak and feeble form of his daughter drew a tear into Lord Granville's eye: and the distress of his soul vented itself in the most affecting words—" " dear child! your pale face w father's heart with angu tilda! dear Matilda! for

your mother's sake, endeavour to be well: smile once more upon us; and bless me with the return of that serene expression of happiness which once enlivened those dear features."

My poor friend was quite overpowered by this unexpected address: she sunk into his lordship's arms: but, presently recovering herself, she assured him she was well, and that a short time, she flattered herself, would restore her former strength and healthy appearance. "I have," continued she, "but one request to make to my indulgent father; and your ready acquiescence to my wish will make your child happy."

"Oh! name it, my Matilda!" replied my Lord eagerly.—"My daughter cannot make an improper request; and I live but to see my children happy."

"Then, my Lord," answered Matilda, "may I entreat that you will never insist on my forming a connexion to which my heart is averse? Nor will you, my dear Madam," (turning to Lady Granville) "endeavour, by your gentle persuasions, which would be infinitely more distressing than your absolute commands could be, to make me consent to a union that may be utterly repugnant to the feelings of my soul? Comply but with this the dearest wish of my heart; and your daughter will never give to parents so very dear and condescending one moment's uneasiness on account of an unfortunate attachment."

"It was never my design," returned my Lord, "in so important a point as that of an establishment for life, to lay my commands on my children; though I own it is my wish to see you both married.—Do you, my love, mean to make a vow of passing your days in celibacy?"

"No, my Lord: I only wish to spare my heart the pain which entreaty and persuasion from those I love would occasion me, when my soul is averse to their solicitations. I wish not to give my hand in marriage, till my heart is free from the entanglements of perhaps an improper prepossession."

"Be happy, and in your own way, my dear girl!" cried my Lord: "and know that your father has no wish but to promote his children's felicity."

My long, my melancholy tale is now, my dear Charlotte, nearly finished.—Time, which spreads its sovereign influence over all mankind, will, I trust, bring a return of those jocund days that I once passed at the Abbey. Time will lessen that pensive expression which every sentimental mind may read in the languid eyes of Miss Lenox.

"Prolix enough you have been," methinks I hear you say—"and yet have strangely omitted one very material circumstance."—I understand you, my fair friend, and will endeavour to account to you for my silence on that particular. It would have made many breaks in my narrative, had I mentioned from time to time the success of our inquiries after the original cause of all our troubles. But know, my gentle Pembrook, that all the circumstances of this dark affair are now come to light—even the hand which inflicted the wounds on the good, the kind, the irreproachable Middleton. Oh! 'tis a piteous tale! Some time, but not now, I will send it to you. —Lord Beaumont is returned to his lady: but Mr. La Roche still lingers in the vale of St. Cas. Mr. Fortescue, by his particular desire, is to pay him a visit at this favorite retirement, before he gives it up to the purchaser; for it was sold before Lord Beaumont quitted France. —My brother, Lenox, and Edward

Fortescue, are preparing for a trip to the continent. On their departure, *I* return to Stanley Grove, my long-neglected home. Charlotte, you will meet me there. Miss Lenox will accompany me: her wan cheek will draw the tear of soft compassion from your eye; and her tender melancholy will temper the fire of your vivacity. Tell Emma, your gentle sister, I bring a being of a superior order in my hand—which, I hope, will insure to me the pleasure of her company:—tell her, 'tis her sister excellence, that one soul animates both their bodies—but with this difference—that Emma, all good, kind, and benevolent as she is, has never tasted the bitter cup of adversity; while our fair unfortunate has been exquisitely miserable. But I will not anticipate the pleasure you will taste on reading her history at length, which I will send you in a few days.—In all this enormous packet, not one word of a lover, and a favored lover too! It is even so, Charlotte; yet Hastings never was dearer to me than at this moment. The gentleness and goodness of his heart discover themselves hourly. He has endeared himself to me by his generous friendship for the unfortunate Middleton.

Adieu, my sweet friend! I find a gloom on my spirits: my heart, though devoted to one man, yet feels a void at the absence of another. All our little parties are now imperfect: whether walking, reading, or in our concerts, we cast our eyes wistfully around: he that heightened the pleasure of every scene, is absent. Middleton was our first performer in the musical line, both as to taste and execution. Even Matilda's fine tones do not give the pleasure they were wont to do: her voice is broken and tremulous; and there is something so soft and plaintive in her manner, as is not to be described.—Once more adieu, my dear Charlotte! Remember me affectionately to your Emma; and tell her I will soon fulfill my promise, and send the tale that will more immediately affect her than you.—Ever affectionately yours,

LOUISA FALKLAND.

Mr. Middleton, to Sir Henry Hastings.

Rosemount.

I FIND it utterly impossible, Sir Henry, to imitate the conduct of my friend Sydney: it would be destructive of my peace of mind to follow yours.—Love, with all its softness and refinement, is a passion that may very properly be indulged by such as you. Passionately devoted to a most amiable and interesting object, fortune smiles propitious on your wishes; and a short time will make you the happiest of mortals. But why, O too generous Hastings! do you hint at the possibility of what I ought never to think of? I must think of love as a golden dream, which, to me, can never be realised.—Miss Lenox, you tell me, recovers daily. The pleasing intelligence is delight to my soul:—the world would have been a desert to me, had the fair Matilda quitted it; though I may possibly never see her more, till that time when death shall level all distinctions. Oh! Hastings! still this fond weakness hangs about me; but this will be the last letter on a subject on which I am conscious of the folly of suffering my mind to dwell. What had I to do with love—I, an alien, an outcast from society? Had not a nobleman, more conspicuous for his virtues than his fortune, raised me from nothing, and made me what I am, I must flee—I must quit the kingdom.—My situation stares me in the face more fearfully than ever.—The wide world is open before me.—Shall

man, the boasted lord of the creation, grow fat on the good things of this life, vegetate, and die?—My patron! my generous benefactor! I will do something, that shall at least faintly speak my gratitude, or never see the beloved circle of my friends again.

Lord Malcombe's estate lies mostly in Scotland, which, though his native country, he has not visited for many years; but has trusted the management of his affairs there to a man who has one eye for his master's interest, and two for his own. There is the greatest reason to think this Scotchman has not discharged his trust with honor. My Lord is by nature easy: he dislikes going so far from home, and dreads coming to an open rupture with a haughty vindictive man.—I would fain make this matter easy to him. I am not totally ignorant of the value of land; and I know something of agriculture. My heart beats quick with the hope that it may be in my power to be of some service to him, to whom I am under such infinite obligations.

How have I hitherto passed my life? I am ashamed to ask myself the question. In the Highlands of Caledonia I shall have time to study philosophy: reason will there have power to temper my passions with prudence: a constant view of those barren mountains will aid my endeavours to soften the haughtiness of my mind. You ask me concerning my health:—my constitution is a good one; and I have nearly regained my former bodily strength. My future destination in life once settled, I feel my mind more at ease: I can think of Miss Lenox with some degree of composure: it is my pride that I esteem and love her:—I would avow my passion in the presence of her father.—Lord Granville knows little of the soul of Middleton, if he thinks there is any thing to fear in me.—I would not accept the hand of his beloved daughter, were he to offer her to me; and Miss Lenox would lessen herself infinitely in my esteem, did she consent to unite her high blood with the contaminated stream that flows in the veins of an humble dependant.—A sincere and refined friendship is all I wish to possess. With what inimitable grace, and harmony of voice, did she wish me happiness, did she bid me adieu!—Too busy memory! why do you linger so long on these fond scenes, that are past, never to be renewed?

Next week I leave Rosemount.—I go to Lord Malcombe: I shall then acquaint him with my desire of visiting Scotland, and flatter myself I shall gain his consent to the completion of a plan on which I have set my mind. I will write to you before I quit London; and then Heaven knows when you will hear from me again.

Adieu, dear Sir Henry! Tell your lovely Lady Falkland, I never can forget the honor she did me, in her delicate attention during my illness. Happy Hastings! to spend thy life with such a being as this. Tell Lord Granville—tell my Lady—ah! what can I bid you say?—my heart is with them. Tell the too charming Matilda—(my hand trembles, my pen feebly performs its office)—tell her—and you will tell her true—there is not that being on earth who more sincerely wishes her happy, than I do.

You will ask if this is my philosophy!—Alas! I fear it is merely speculative. "The laurel," (to use the words of my admired author) "which fancy had wreathed about my brow," already begins to fade. I trust it will bloom afresh, when I am

far away from the fascinating objects that at present enchant me.—Once more adieu! and believe me to be your most sincerely devoted humble servant, H. MIDDLETON.

(To be continued.)

The DUTCH PATRIOTS
of the Sixteenth Century.

(*Continued from page* 211.)

" GENEROUS partners of my misfortunes! gallant warriors, who burn with ardor to fight in your country's cause! follow me; and I will conduct you to your native soil. Though the approach to it is barred against us by land, the sea presents to us a ready entrance. I do not mean to conceal from your knowledge the dangers which await us; for I know that I speak to a band of heroes. Through the perils of the sea, we go to encounter still more dreadful perils on our landing. It is only at the expense of your blood that you will regain possession of your homes, with the enjoyment of liberty; and it is only at the same price that you will be able to maintain the possession.

" Do you ask me, while preparing to attack a power which strikes the trembling universe with awe, whether all our provinces are ready to rise and second our valour—whether numerous allies offer us an unfailing resource? . . . . Aided by foreign auxiliaries, we first entered the arduous career: at present two provinces only—but they are two Batavian provinces—set the glorious example, arise in arms, and invite us to join them. A friend, truly worthy of that appellation, the virtuous Coligni, affords us his support. Genlis, and those Gallic warriors, who by our sides made their first steps towards liberty, and participated in our misfortunes—far from abandoning us at the moment when our dangers are renewed, and become more alarming—still undauntedly continue partners of our fate. These are our only allies: but exalted courage supplies the place of numbers, and renders a small band of such heroes equal to a multitudinous army; and you hear the voices of your compatriots, of your wives, of your children, of your friends, of the manes of your fathers—the voices, in fine, of liberty and of your country.

" In ancient days, the traveler was wont to arrest his course to survey with reverential admiration the tombs at Thermopylae, and read this inscription—" Go, announce to Sparta that here we lie the willing victims of obedience to her sacred laws!" Nor need we doubt, that, obedient to the oracular admonition uttered by those tombs, and accompanied as it were by the glorious shades of the heroes who slept beneath them, he announced the tidings at Sparta, and in every country which he visited on his way.

" Should it be our fate, gallant warriors! to perish in the struggle against this modern Xerxes, who proudly exults in his power to cover our plains with his batallions, and our seas with his fleets, even after death our buried remains will yet inspire and animate the contest. But how glorious will be our laurels, if the Batavians, emancipated by their valour and their virtues, triumph over the despot and his numerous armies! A tutelar deity, Liberty herself, will display her broad banner full in view—will guide our ships in their course—will fight by our sides, and render us invincible."

He ceased; and shouts of loud acclaim resounded through the vault of heaven. The Batavians and their Gallic allies poured forth the joyous pæans of victory, as if they had al-

ready surmounted all their difficulties, and the day were now come which crowned their toils with the glorious meed of liberty. Immediately the warrior train begin to prepare for their departure.

"Cease," said William to the Batavians, whom he found busied in burnishing their arms—"cease your needless care: the courage, the strength, of those who brandish those weapons, will give certainty and effect to their strokes: at present let us think of nought but commencing our career: in such an enterprise as engages our attention, a day unprofitably wasted is a day lost to glory."

The warriors buckle on their arms without delay.

Meanwhile Coligni, Henry, and the Gallic chiefs, crowd around William, and, by their looks, seem to solicit him to defer for a while the moment of their separation. The hero, affected to the soul, keeps his eyes long riveted on his generous friends, unable to give utterance to the sentiments which glow in his bosom: but at length, recovering from his emotion, "Dear Coligni!" said he, "you see my regret; nor could I overcome it, if the voice of my country did not speak so energetically to my heart. The universe has witnessed our misfortunes: it is now time that mankind should behold our triumphs, or that a more glorious fall should immortalise our fame. In the midst of our disasters, it seemed as if the hand of some guardian genius, pointing out to us the bosoms of our undaunted friends as the surest haven to shelter the shattered remains of our shipwrecked fortunes, conducted us to thy camp, that from thy persevering fortitude we might derive an exemplary lesson to support and animate our own. Coligni! let Tyranny tremble on beholding us again in arms, after we have parted from your embraces. But, if my words have aught of influence on your mind—the last words perhaps that you shall ever hear from my lips—trust not to the peace which is tendered to you by the artful Medici. You are not ignorant that hatred, in the bosoms of princes, is not so suddenly succeeded by friendship: you are now about to encounter at court a more tempestuous, a more treacherous ocean, than that to which we are preparing to expose our fortunes and our lives. Alas! why am I not allowed at once to gratify the different inclinations of my heart—to ward off at the same time the bloody sword which is levelled at the breasts of my countrymen, and that by which you are threatened? . . . .

"Receive my adieux, thou generous prince, who hast lavished on me such flattering testimonies of thy esteem and friendship—thou, who, at so early an age, hast supported us under our calamities, and increased the ardor with which we burn to succour our country, and defend the cause of human nature groaning under oppression. Long may'st thou live, to employ thy every thought in promoting the happiness of France! Should fate at a future day place thee on that throne which has too often been the seat of crime, let the admiring world behold in thee a second Titus. . . . . .

"Coligni! how painful to our friendship is the present moment! What a debt of gratitude we owe for your seasonable aid! but how pleasing to receive such assistance from a generous hand—from the hand of him who is dear to our hearts! Gratitude and friendship shall direct our steps in the paths of virtue and glory: you shall participate in the renown which awaits us; and if, after I

am numbered with the dead, any trophy be erected to honor my tomb, whoever comes to view it shall be taught to pronounce the name of Coligni; and the mention of that name will afford ample gratification to my shade."

Henry, deeply affected, exclaimed—"Nassau! were I not bound by the most powerful ties to my country and to Coligni, I would, in obedience to the call of glory and of friendship, attend thy steps to the end of thy career—would unite my fortune with thine—and thy laurels should be my laurels, or thy grave should also be mine...... Often shall fond memory repeat to me those conversations in which time glided imperceptibly away, without leaving any other trace of its duration, than the regret of their being too soon concluded."

Coligni, unable to control the crowd of tumultuous emotions which struggle in his breast, rushes into the arms of his friend. "And must we then part?" said he with faltering voice.—"I know not what secret presentiment hangs louring over my mind, and tells me this is the last time I shall ever clasp thee to my bosom. Am I to attend to the inward suggestion? and on which of our heads is the deadly stroke to fall?...... The peaceful olive invites me to repose under its shade: but I descry a latent snake, whose curly spires environ its trunk, and whose eyes and tongue are so many poisonous darts:—perhaps the olive is to be drenched with my blood. Genuine courage cannot long be dismayed at the sight of danger; and my refusal to appear at court might be construed into a proof that I had insincerely made a pretended peace. I am determined therefore to try whether candor can at once disarm fraud. Happier is thy lot, who art only to meet thy enemy, sword in hand! My thoughts shall ever follow thee; and my heart will participate in all thy dangers. Meanwhile let my sword accompany thee; and, wielded by thy hand, may it acquire immortal splendor from the overthrow of tyranny!.... Go, my dearest friend! .... And you, illustrious Batavians!..... the fire which sparkles in your eyes, is to me a sure pledge of your noble achievements; and the laurels which I have already seen reaped by your hands, afford me an infallible presage of the trophies which fate has in reserve for you."

He said, and stretched forth his sword to William, who received it with the most lively satisfaction. At the same time Henry presented to Maurice a stately charger richly caparisoned. Maurice admires the generous steed, nimbly springs upon his back, and burns to rush with him to the dangers of the field.

While the chiefs spent the unheeded moments in these affecting adieux, the Batavians in arms, together with Genlis and the Gallic bands who courted the honor of attending those warriors, sallied forth on the plain, conducted by the brothers of Nassau, and mounted on fleet coursers. At first, impatient for the moment of departure, they clashed their clanging arms: but, soon participating the sentiments which the friendly chiefs expressed to each other, they were hushed to respectful silence, and stood motionless around.

Meanwhile the immense plain which the Batavians were to traverse, presents the majestic spectacle of Coligni's army drawn out in battle-array—the last token of respect which that chief pays to his illustrious guests. An honor, less brilliant indeed, but not less

flattering, is still in reserve for them. From the bosom of the peaceful hamlet where the heroes lately enjoyed the rural festival, advance the village train whom they had admitted to an association in the entertainment. At their head appears Adelaïs, who, on approaching William, presents to him, in their name, a wreath of blooming laurel.

At that sight, the countenances of the Batavians and of their Gallic allies glow with martial ardor, and their ranks are instantly in motion. William mounts his steed, and, brandishing the sword of Coligni, gives the signal of departure. The warrior train immediately commence their march: martial music resounds the triumphs which crown successful valour—the brazen mouths of war alternately rend the skies with their mimic thunders—and the vaulted dome of heaven re-echoes with repeated shouts of "Victory! Victory to the Batavians!"

The cohorts now advance on their way: the chiefs still commune with each other by the interchange of expressive looks, and continue to seek each other with their eyes, even when no longer distinguishable; while the prayers of the Gallic warriors and of the innocent inhabitants of the hamlet, now wafted to their ears in a confused murmur of friendly approbation, long accompany the heroic band.

(To be continued.)

Strictures on PUPPYISM.

(From a work now in the press, entitled, "Voga, or a View of Nature, containing a Sketch of modern Egypt: with subjoined Essays on important Subjects," by Mrs. PECK, *Author of the "Maid of Avon," the "Welch Peasant Boy," &c. &c.)*

PUPPYISM, as I take it, is a term of contempt, and odious in society.—There are two descriptions of fools—the mischievous and the harmless; but the puppy is always offensive, and always hurtful to himself and others. He is, in his several dispositions, a pest-house; for he infects, and, by force of the example which he sets, inoculates the weak and the unthinking with the plague of his own evil propensities and absurdities.—The puppy is false to God and nature; for he blackens the fair presence of truth with lying sarcasm, and distorts not only his mind, but his person.—The puppy is at once a reptile and a beast; for venom is in him, and he is open-mouthed for prey.—The puppy is a cannibal; for he feeds on his fellow, and devours his own kind.—The puppy excels in all monkey-tricks, and is a master of mimicry, buffoonery, and other contemptible acquirements.—He exhibits gratis, for the diversion of the public; and his acting is a union of tragedy and comedy, because he as often raises a laugh against himself, as he causes tears to flow.—The puppy is malicious; and to his ignorance and stupidity we may attribute his impudence.—He affects to despise that excellence, which he is assured his own dull capacity can never reach; and, smarting under the ignominy of the whip, he would be a scholiast, a commentator, a critic, and, "like the beetle, soars aloft;" but, presently finding his level, he falls with additional disgrace.—The puppy sneers and winks away the good name of many an innocent, but thoughtless woman. The puppy is endowed with contrary qualities, and looks like a monster in nature; as if he were of both sexes. He is the rudest of the rude, in the masculine sense; and, in the feeble effeminacy of his mind, he may be said to vie with this part of the female character; and, in

point of chit-chat, tea-table prattle, dress, and fashions, dispute the prize with the weakest Lady Imbecile *that* ever performed for the amusement of the company—by screams at the sight of a spider, hysterics, soft swoonings, &c. &c.!!!—The infantine constitution of these gentlemen will not admit of their taking up arms, because they are not able to bear them. My Lord Betty is as gentle as an ass; for he will suffer to be beaten, with the sweetest pliancy of temper. A tender male he is, soft for mercy, and modest through fear.—I will speak plainly—These petty gentlemen are pernicious weeds in the garden of society, choking its best produce, and ought to be torn up by the roots. Women (if they would) might put down puppyism, by their displeasure; after the example of the Athenian ladies, who entered into a resolution to with-hold their favor and their smiles from such men as should prove enemies to their country.

The Grand-daughter of the Poet CHURCHILL.

THE *daughters of Sensibility*, who honor our pages with their perusal, will, no doubt, feel a lively, and (we trust) an *active* interest excited in their bosoms by the following extract from the "*Antijacobin Review*" of last month.

If the assertion of Johnson be true, that "the chief glory of every people arises from its authors," may it not be hoped that an enlightened nation will identify its own greatness with the prosperity of its literary men and their posterity? When the grand-daughter of Milton was discovered in poverty, a generous emulation appeared, who should be foremost to honor the memory of the great epic poet, by befriending his aged and indigent descendant. This was worthy of a people proud of their literary greatness. A similar occasion now calls for similar benevolence. The grand-daughter of *Charles Churchill*—of a writer not excelled by any for vigor of imagination, and for a manly independence of character—is, at this moment, languishing in poverty, sinking under accumulated embarrassments, with the added pain of beholding a mother the sharer of her afflictions. The sum of *one hundred pounds* would not only relieve them from the threatened terrors of a prison, but enable the daughter to avail herself of peculiar advantages she possesses to support herself and mother. Born in France, the victim and survivor of all the horrors that marked the progress of the French revolution, she has now, in her twentieth year, visited the soil of her ancestors, hoping to subsist, by her industry, in the country that has been adorned by the writings of her progenitor. A series of minute difficulties, which now, in the aggregate, amount to a total inability to escape utter ruin, unless relieved by the generosity of private individuals, has prevented her hitherto from exerting her abilities in the task of teaching the French language, to which she is eminently competent from her long residence in France, from the purity of her pronunciation, and from her equal skill in the English tongue. Fettered by difficulties, she cannot make the first step in that path, which, once entered, would lead to decent competence for herself and mother: but it is anxiously hoped that this appeal will not be fruitless, and that the individual who has ventured to make her situation known, will be enabled, by the benevolence of those whom this

address may reach, to impart relief and consolation to the virtuous and the afflicted. W. MUDFORD.
No. 13, Union Street,
Somers Town.

*** Any particulars that may be wished, and which, from motives of delicacy, should rather be the object of a private than a public communication, will be cheerfully imparted by Mr. Mudford to those who may interest themselves in the subject.

Social VIRTUES.
(*From Dr.* COGAN'S "*Ethical Treatise on the Passions.*")

THE cultivation of prudence, justice, benevolence, in all their branches, is not merely of some importance; it is absolutely necessary to the possession and diffusion of that extensive good, after which we so ardently pant; to attain which our nature is rendered capable; and of which vice is the venom and the canker. It is a fact, which no one can deny, that the regular and steady practice of every virtue would raise human felicity to the most exalted state of perfection. Were every man prudent, extensively and uniformly, he would extract the greatest possible good from every possible situation. He would arrive and repose at the true point of enjoyment, perfectly secure from the numberless vexations, disappointments, and horrors, in which the imprudent are so frequently involved. Were every man just and upright, each individual would march with a firm step in paths of perfect peace:—all the irritated, irritating, and malignant passions would subside:—man would no longer be a terror to man:—the voice of lamentation would seldom be heard, and the voice of reproach would be for ever silent. Were every man benevolent, he would alleviate the numerous wants, and mitigate the distresses which justice itself was impotent to relieve; and confer greater enjoyments, than it is in the power of justice to protect. Benevolence is the virtue of a feeling heart, and it renders the feeling heart of the befriended object peculiarly happy, by the inspiration of those delightful affections, love, friendship, gratitude, and complacency. By universal discretion, minuter injuries and displeasures would be unknown; mutual confidence would be diffused over every part of our social intercourse: we should travel smoothly through every stage of our existence, strangers to the rude shocks of impertinence and indiscretion; assiduously and successfully studying our mutual accommodations on the road. It is this virtue of discretion, which forms the basis of what is termed politeness, in genteel circles; which is so attractive and engaging, that it is frequently presented and accepted, as a substitute for more substantial virtues. The semblance of good-will displayed by an urbanity of manners is found to be more captivating, than greater benefits, conferred with a roughness in the mode, which approaches to an indiscretion.

MEDLEY
Of Scraps, Anecdotes, Gleanings, &c.

Algerine Friendship.—The ancients ranked friendship as one of the most exalted of human virtues; and various are the noble instances which history records of its effects. Even Dionysius, the Syracusan tyrant, was so struck with the attachment which subsisted between Damon and Pythias, that he pardoned the former, though previously condemned to suffer death.—More modern times, however, display the force of friendship in a light no less admirable and disinterested; for, in the year one thousand six hundred and eighty eight, when the French were bombarding Algiers, a most

magnanimous instance of attachment was displayed by an Algerine captain.—The besieged having withstood the attack of the besiegers, gave way to the most unbounded indulgence of cruelty and revenge: they tied their prisoners alive to the mouths of their cannon; and many were compelled to suffer a much more lingering death. A French officer, of the name of Choiseul, being destined to expire by a cannon-ball, an Algerine captain, his particular friend, in vain applied to his sovereign to have the cruel sentence revoked.—Finding entreaties of no avail, in the agony of his feelings he resolved to try the effects of force; and, when the executioners of this cruel mandate were attempting to chain the Frenchman to the mouth of the cannon, he three times rescued him by force.—At length finding himself overpowered by numbers, he entangled himself in Choiseul's chains, exclaiming, "Fire!—for, as I cannot save my friend and benefactor, we will both share the same fate!"—The Dey, who witnessed this noble proof of attachment, called aloud to his soldiers not to fire; instantly granted a pardon to the Frenchman, and applauded the magnanimity of the Algerine.

Old Bachelors.—Of those unsocial beings, who suffer some of the fairest objects of creation to pine on the virgin throne, a very respectable writer thus expresses himself: "Their passions are in unison with the frozen regions of the arctic circle, and their sympathies with those timid animals, that are frightened at their own resemblance, and who never think themselves safe, but in solitude. They eat their morsels alone, and call it happiness."

Benevolence of a British Sailor, recorded by the Author of "the Man of Feeling."—As I was walking, on a rainy morning, through one of the back streets in the city, I was struck with the melancholy figure of a blindman, who was endeavouring to excite charity by ballad-singing. —While I was contemplating the wretchedness of the object, and comparing it with the strain necessity compelled him to chaunt, a sailor, who came whistling by, stopped, and purchased a ballad from him.—"God preserve you!" cried the blindman—"for I have not tasted a morsel of bread this blessed day."—The sailor instantly looked around him, and, perceiving a baker's shop, sprang up four steps, and returning as rapidly, forced a small loaf into the blindman's hand.—I was so affected with this amiable act of generosity, that I called the honest seaman back; and, taking out all the silver I had about me, (which, I think, amounted only to four shillings) "Thy nobleness of soul and goodness of heart," said I, "make me sorry that I cannot reward thee as thou dost deserve. I must, however, beg your acceptance of this trifle, as a small testimony of my esteem and regard."—"God bless your noble honour!" said the sailor—"and thank you; but we will divide the prize-money fairly."—Then stepping back to the object of his compassion, he put a couple of shillings into his hand, and, clapping him upon the shoulder, added, "Here are two shillings for thee, my blind Cupid, for which you are *not* obliged to *me*, but to a noble gentleman who stands within five yards of you: so get into harbour, and make yourself warm; and keep your hum-strum for a drier day than this."

The royal Sportsman.—When princes receive the admonitions of their subjects with temper, it is a striking proof of the natural goodness of their hearts.—Alonzo the Fourth, king of Portugal, was so entirely devoted to the pleasures of the chase, that he gave up the management of public affairs for the uninterrupted enjoyment of them.—Business of the greatest moment, however, at length demanded his presence in the council: but, instead of appearing interested in the affairs of state, he began to describe the enjoyments he had derived from the sports of the field; upon which, a nobleman of the first distinction addressed him in the following words.—"Courts and camps, sire, were allotted for kings, not woods and deserts. —Even the affairs of private men suffer, when recreation is preferred to business: but, when whims or pleasure engross the thoughts of a king, a whole nation is consigned to ruin.—We came here for other purposes, than to hear the exploits of the chase.—If your majesty will attend to the wants, and remove the grievances, of your people, you will find them obedient subjects: if not . . . . ."—"If not!" exclaimed the king, with rage impressed upon his countenance.—"If not," replied the nobleman, in a decided tone, "they will look for another and a better king to govern them."—Indignant at this bold assertion, Alonzo darted out of the room, but returned in a few moments, tranquil and composed. "I perceive," said he, "the justice of what you have

told me: he who will not execute the duties of a king, cannot expect to have faithful subjects.—Remember, from this day I am no longer Alonzo the sportsman, but Alonzo the king of Portugal."

Improved Cooking-Apparatus.—Mr. Deakin, of St. John Street, West Smithfield, has obtained a patent for an improved kitchen-range, comprising, in a small compass, and at a moderate expense, an oven, a perpetual boiler, a convenient movable steaming-apparatus, a portable still, and an ironing-stove.—A register above, to regulate the draught, and prevent the fall of soot, is also calculated to prevent the chimney from smoking, and to extinguish it, if on fire.—From the boiler, a warm bath may be supplied with steam at the distance of forty feet.

List of the present Theatres in London, which, taken at the lowest calculation, contain, as follows—Covent-garden Theatre, 3,000 persons—Drury-lane Theatre, (supposing it built) 2,800—Opera-house, 3,500—Pantheon, 3,000—Little Theatre, Haymarket, 1,800—Lyceum, 2,000—Surrey Theatre, 2,500—Astley's Olympic, 1,500—Astley's Amphitheatre, 2,500—Sadler's Wells, 2,200—Sans Pareil, 1,500—Regency Theatre, Tottenham street, 1,600—Royalty, 1,600.—Total, 29,500.—Here then we have 13 theatres in this metropolis, capable of containing near 30,000 spectators.

POETRY.

BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed.*

Grace, face; Smile, beguile; Charm, harm; Receive, believe; Remain, chain; Bands, bands; Sight, light; Kind, refined.

The History of the VIOLET.

*Addressed to Mrs. B****, and occasioned by her presenting one that was faded, to the Author.*

By J. M. LACEY, *Author of the "Farm-House, and other Poems."*

YOU bid me sing a faded flow'r—
A violet, sweet as Beauty's breath:
You bid me consecrate the hour
That yielded up its bloom to death.

And so I will: but feeble lays
Will come to deck the violet's tomb:
Unknown the bard who speaks its praise,
Who mourns his much lov'd flow'ret's doom.

Its hist'ry this—In early spring
It rose amid a shelter'd bow'r,
There wide its odors round did fling,
Till Beauty came, and pluck'd the flow'r.

A little while its petals pale
Appear'd to smile on Beauty's breast:
Its sweetness scented spring's soft gale,
While all around spoke peace and rest.

But soon, alas! its modest head
Droop'd o'er the bosom where it lay!
Still was the flow'ret sweet, though dead—
Sweet as the balmy hours of May!

Its grave so bright, so soft, so warm,
Would bid us envy such a death:—
Thus was it snatch'd from Nature's storm,
To die, inhaling Beauty's breath!

And, Lady! sometimes beauty's doom
Resembles much the fragile flow'r:
It blooms belov'd!—too oft its bloom
Lives not beyond youth's early hour.

Yet, when the fair-one droops and dies,
Blessings shall hang upon her name:
Her virtuous soul shall seek the skies,
And live in everlasting fame!

For virtue, like the flow'r in death,
With all its sweetness doth survive;
'Tis as it were a sainted breath,
And, long as mem'ry lasts, 'twill live.

April, 1812.

Address of the GENIUS *of the* MORNING, *to the* SLUGGARD.

By Mr. JOHN WEBB, *Author of "Haverhill," and other Poems.*

SLUGGARD! from thy couch arise!
Chase soft slumbers from thy eyes;
Nor thy active senses steep
In the balmy dew of sleep,
While the scenes of morn delight,
Pregnant with serene delight.

Night retires before young day:
Cynthia hides her silver ray:
Morn's fair star, that gilt the sky,
Veils her bright resplendent eye:
Tears pellucid deck the thorn,
Dropp'd from lid of "meek-ey'd Morn."

Though I boast celestial birth,
Yet I deign to visit earth,
When each purple morning springs,
I descend on agile wings,

Bright and dazzling to behold—
Ev'ry plume bedropp'd with gold.

Lo! day's king, in glory dress'd,
Mounts refulgent in the east.
See his golden radiance streams!
Teeming nature hails his beams.
While the lark, on dewy wings
Soaring up, at "heav'n-gate sings"—
Linnets, blackbirds, and the thrush,
Render vocal ev'ry bush.

Haste!—Sweet Flora's lovely train
Spot with gold the velvet plain—
Range yon lily-silver'd vale:
Breathe the pure salubrious gale.
But, if Nature charm not thee,
Nor the wood's wild minstrelsy,
Rise, and to the hills repair;
For the goddess Health is there.

Rise! and clasp her in thy arms:
She has captivating charms.—
Blest with her, thou may'st defy
The stern frowns of poverty:
But, bereft of her fine glow,
What has Fortune to bestow?
What are titles, fame, or wealth,
Balanc'd with that jewel—Health?

Lines
addressed to Master LAMBERT WEST,
on his completing his eighth year,
June 7, 1812.

No longer, dear Lambert, can true friend-
ship trace [that face;
The sweet smile of childhood adorning
For the smile of intelligence radiant ap-
pears, [years;
Disclosing a mind, which is ripe for its
A smile, which now seems most expres-
sive to say, [ray—
You now feel the force of reason's bright
While the mind now expands to the view,
like a rose, [disclose.
When the rays of the sun its beauties
'Tis thus, my dear Lambert, instruction
displays [ardent rays,
The pow'rs of the mind; and, like Sol's
It draws forth a gem from bright intel-
lect's mine, [liantly shine.
And, by polishing, makes it more bri-
Yet, while polishing, Lambert, I hope,
and I trust, [just;
You'll learn to be moral, religious, and
For these are the helm and support of
your state; [great.
And by these alone, can you hope to be
May I, my dear Lambert, each year see
you shine [term divine!
In those virtues, which moralists oft
May your breast with affection and duty
o'erflow! [you owe
For affection and duty are debts, which
To parents, who study your joy and your
peace, [to increase.
And whose happiness you have the pow'r
These lines as a tribute of friendship I
pay,
As I hail the glad morn of your ninth
natal day. M. P.

ELLEN ADAIR.
Tune, "*Robin Adair.*"
By J. M. L.

ONCE, when my soul was sad,
Ellen was nigh.
She bade my breast be glad:
She sooth'd my sigh.
Then peace, on downy wing,
Check'd ev'ry sorrow's sting;
For then you smil'd on me,
Ellen Adair!

Heav'n dwells within her eye:
Grace fills her form:
Her heaving bosom's sigh
Stoics might warm.
Her cheeks of roseate hue
Health's purest pencil drew:—
But, ah! thy heart is cold,
Ellen Adair!

Else, why my vows refuse—
Vows fond as true?
Else, why that love abuse,
Felt but for you?
Oh! fickle fair! you'll find,
Love seldom fills man's mind,
True as is mine, unkind
Ellen Adair!

Still though my beating heart
Throbs no more free—
Still though its bitter smart
Is all for thee—
E'en though Death lingers nigh,
Still shall my latest sigh
Be a fond pray'r for thee,
Ellen Adair!

Completion of the BOUTS-RIMÉS *proposed in our Magazine for April.*
Addressed to a Lady.—*By* J. M. L.

BID not thy beauteous brow to *lour*:
For, oh! it has o'er me such *pow'r*,
Its frown would fill my soul with care.
Oh! bid me not thy presence *shun*:
As soon could nature lose its *sun*,
As I thine absence bear.

To see thee smile—to know that *ease*
Pours through thy breast her pow'r to
please,
Is dear to me as life or love.
Bliss such as this is all I *crave*:—
Give glory to the great and *brave*:—
Peace let the poet prove!

Remember, youth's bright hour will *wane*,
That Age and all his trembling *train*
Will steal o'er Beauty's graceful form.
Then wait not, dear one, to *explore*
What wisdom whispers—we will *soar*
Above life's bitter storm.

Hymen shall point us out the *road*
To Comfort's bow'r, whose blest *abode*
We'll share in sun or show'ry weather:
There ev'ry bliss will wait to *cheer*;
And there, without one pang of *fear*,
We'll live and die together!

Lines to HER *who* MUST *understand them.*

AH! now again, all sad and slow,
I wander through the moon-light grove,
And strive to charm away my woe,
While echoes wild my lute of love.

Breathe, gentle lute, with softest air—
Breathe pity through Eliza's breast;
Thy sound shall melt th' impassion'd fair:
Her smile of love shall crown me blest.

Ah! sure the maid, whose tender eye
Smiles as the dewy star of eve,
Shall yield to love's soft harmony,
And all my fondest vows believe!

SINCERUS.

RINALDO *and* ROSAURA.
(*From Mr. Peacock's "Philosophy of Melancholy.*")

WHERE black rocks scowl, and many a tufted pine [pennine,
Waves o'er the bleak and clouded Ap-
Where bursts the cat'ract from primeval snows,
The stately tow'rs of Count Anselmo rose.
One only child was his—a peerless maid,
By many a youth with hopeless pain survey'd; [sigh:
For young Rinaldo claim'd her secret
Nor shunn'd the flame her father's watchful eye. [tore
Their youthful passion's silken bonds he
With ruthless hand, and barr'd his iron door.
His weight of woe Rinaldo strove to bear, [care.
And wander'd wide, in heart-corroding
His minstrel lyre, across his shoulders flung, [he sung.
With sweet accordance sooth'd the woes
Their course of grief twelve ling'ring months had held, [impell'd,
When the sad youth, by bleeding hopes
Retrac'd his lonely steps in pensive mood,
O'er outrag'd love's still-cherish'd haunts to brood.
He found the chapel deck'd, the altar dress'd,
To force Rosaura to a rival's breast.
His anguish'd mind, in wounded passion's flow, [of woe.
Form'd wild resolves, and pictur'd deeds
Bright shone the moon on old Anselmo's tow'rs: [bow'rs.
The bird of night complain'd in laurel
Th' inconstant clouds, by rising breezes driv'n, [night heav'n.
Scour'd, black and swift, along the mid-
There, as beside the moat's dull wave he stray'd, [maid,
His fond gaze rested on his long-lov'd
Where sad she pac'd, on him alone intent, [ment.
Along the winding, moonlight battle-
He saw her hair in lengthen'd tresses stream; [beam.
Her tearful eye dim-glist'ning in the
Awhile he gaz'd: his inmost soul was mov'd: [she lov'd.
He touch'd the lay that most, he knew,
Oh! while those thrilling strains around her stole,
Can language paint the tumult of the soul,
That fix'd in light the retrospective scene, [been?
And waken'd ev'ry bliss that once had
Her ardent glance, quick turn'd towards the note, [the moat,
Where the pale moon-beams quiver'd on
Hail'd the lov'd form, her constant thought's employ,
And glow'd at once with recognising joy.
Her white hand wav'd, in Cynthia's silver light, [height;
The sign of welcome from the barrier-
Her soft voice chid his steps estrang'd so long; [father's wrong;
Condemn'd and mourn'd her tyrant
Told how, allur'd by wealth's fallacious charms, [arms;
He doom'd a lordly bridegroom to her
Yet, rather, far she wish'd with him to rove, [ful love.
Share his hard meal, and bless his faith-
With rapt'rous hope he heard her accents fall. [wall:
Her gliding steps forsook the terrac'd
She pass'd the postern-gate, the greensward press'd, [breast.
Sprang o'er the turf, and sunk upon his
No steed was theirs, with steady swiftness strong, [along.
To urge their flight the mountain glens
Love lent them speed; the conscious moon alone [moan.
Beheld their path, and heard their genius
Swift on the wind-swept crag their steps impress'd

Wing'd the soft hours of man's oblivious
rest.
The dripping morn rose dark, and wild,
and cold: [roll'd:
The heavy clouds in denser volumes
The gath'ring blast peal'd forth a voice
of dread, [head:
Toss'd the light larch, and bent the cedar's
A wild response the echoing caverns gave:
The rain-swoln torrent roll'd a yellower
wave: [scream:
Far on the storm was borne the eagle's
Still hope was theirs, and love's celestial
beam. [summits tow'r'd,
High-pois'd in air, where mightier
Where from his clouds the mountain-
genius lour'd,
A frozen mass of tempest-loosen'd snow
Shook to the blast, and menac'd all below.
In silent awe they gaz'd: that only way
Through those deep glens and lonely
dingles lay. [surge,
Safe seem'd the path beyond the turbid
If once their steps might pass the
dang'rous verge, [deep,
Where, o'er the chasm, immeasurably
The rude pine-bridge was thrown from
steep to steep. [swell'd,
Still, as they went, the frantic torrent
And louder gusts along the dingles yell'd.
Like some prophetic spirit's mournful
cry, [ply.
Peal'd from the caves the Echo's wild re-
They press'd the bridge:—at once the
whirlwind's force [course.
Hurl'd the vast ruin down its thund'ring
E'en while the woods, with sudden tu-
mult rent, [scent,
Announc'd the havoc of its first de-
One speaking glance the sad farewell de-
clar'd: [shar'd.
One last embrace the madd'ning moment
Thus in the sanctuary of love enshrin'd,
In tend'rest links inseparably twin'd,
Blest in one fate, they met the whelming
shock, [nal rock.
That crush'd the pine, and rent th' eter-
The raving stream, in wilder eddies
sway'd, [made:
Engulf'd the rock the mighty impulse
And o'er the tomb of love, too soon o'er-
thrown, [alone.
The genius of the mountains frown'd

The withered ROSE.
(*From Miss* TEMPLE'*s Poems.*)

BEHOLD yon rose!—yon wither'd rose,
So late the pride of May;
No more in beauty's garb it glows:
Its hour hath pass'd away.

No more the wild-bee checks his flight,
To visit that fair shrine;
No more it strikes the ravish'd sight
With blushes, pure as thine.

Yet still it charms the pensive heart
Far more than brighter flow'rs;
For e'en in death its leaves impart
The sweets of Eden bow'rs.

With holy sadness and delight,
The trav'ler lingers nigh,
To ponder o'er its early blight,
And catch its balmy sigh.

For thus do virtue's lovely deeds
Give sweetness to decay;
Thus do they live, when gaudy weeds
Have bloom'd—and pass'd away.

Pride can but fret its little hour,
And share the gen'ral doom;
But virtue's fair and fragrant flow'r
Can triumph o'er the tomb.

The VISIONARY.
(*From Mr.* SPENCER'*s Poems.*)

WHEN midnight o'er the moonless skies
Her pall of transient death has spread,
When mortals sleep, when spectres rise,
And nought is wakeful but the dead,

No bloodless shape my way pursues;
No sheeted ghost my couch annoys:
Visions more sad my fancy views—
Visions of long-departed joys!

The shade of youthful hope is there,
That linger'd long, and latest died;
Ambition, all dissolv'd to air,
With phantom honors at her side.

What empty shadows glimmer nigh!
They once were friendship, truth, and
love!
Oh! die to thought, to mem'ry die,
Since lifeless to my heart you prove!

A SUMMER SONG.

OH! why sprung the lark with fresh glee
to the skies, [arise?
And bade from each bough a glad chorus
'Twas Nature's all-hail to the prime of
the year;— [is here!
Fairest child of the Sun, lovely Summer

On the balm-scented breeze of the South
she is borne, [of the morn.
Her bloom ever height'ning the glow
Around her a life-giving radiance she
pours, [with flow'rs.
And her foot-prints, so airy, are spangled

By her presence, now freed from the
coyness of Spring, [and to sing;
The hills, woods, and vales, seem to laugh

And—though glooms intervene, the gay charm to alloy—
Yet each living thing breathes a spirit of joy.

Benignly, O Summer! thy splendor display;
For Hymen enkindles his torch in its ray;
Bids lovers be ardent, and maidens be kind,
And delights with thy flow'rs his soft fetters to bind.

Bloom on, lovely Summer! for soon, with a sigh,
Thou wilt sink on the rich lap of Autumn, and die.
Yet the triumphs of plenty shall gild thy decline;
And its fruits shall remind us, the blossoms were thine.

In Winter's dark hours, when thy absence we mourn,
Shall gay Hope be our guest till we hail thy return;
For, sure, 'tis a homage most grateful to Heav'n,
Thus doubly to relish the boons it has giv'n.

Nor let discord and care the bright season deform,
Since care is a winter, and discord a storm;
In the bosom of peace may we bury our strife,
And count, by its Summers, the progress of life.

R. R.

REMEMBRANCE *of a little* FAVORITE.
(From "Ballad Romances," &c. by Miss A. M. PORTER.)

AH! sweetest child! though ne'er again
I may to this sad bosom press thee,
Yet still, through years of anxious pain,
My heart shall love, my lips shall bless thee.

Still, still, with tears of fond regret,
Shall thought in waking dreams recall thee,
And oft, by many fears beset,
Muse o'er the ills that may befall thee.

For never can I cease to dwell
On all thy looks and acts endearing;
Thy prattling tongue, remember'd well;
Thy gaze, while song or story hearing;

Those speaking eyes, that kindled oft
With more than childish sense of feeling;
Those pretty arms, caressing soft;
That kiss, to dry my tears when stealing;

That mimic air of martial rage,
While sword or gun thy hand was grasping;
That studious look o'er letter'd page;
That smile, while watchful Pero clasping;

That fairy grace, with which thy feet
Danc'd artless, ev'ry eye delighting,
While pleasure, genuine and sweet,
Shone from thy features, love exciting;

Those budding charms of mind and heart;
That wond'rous taste, that temper even;
All, all thou wast, nay, all thou art,
An angel turning earth to heaven.

These from my heart no time can take,
Nor changing scenes make me forget thee;
I lov'd thee for thy own sweet sake,
And for thy own sake shall regret thee.

VENUS *lamenting the Death of her* DOVE.
Written extempore on Miss Jackson's Picture representing that Subject, by W. T. FITZGERALD, *Esq.*

AT that sweet bird, whose office 'twas to bear
The car of Venus through the ambient air,
The wanton Cupid shot a playful dart,
And pierc'd, with luckless aim, the flutt'rer's heart.

The Paphian goddess sigh'd, with grief oppress'd,
And dropp'd a tear upon her fav'rite's breast:
Objects divine of innocence and love!
The Queen of beauty mourning for her Dove.

The KISS.

"I NEVER give a kiss" (says Prue)
"To naughty man; for I abhor it."—
She will not *give* a kiss, 'tis true:—
She'll *take* one, though, and thank you for it.

The Widow MOORE'S *Marriage.*

A SON of Mars, in war so bold,
Knock'd at the widow's door:—
To church they went; and soon 'twas told,
The widow was no *Moore.*

Gare l'Eau!

"AH! craignez l'eau sur toute chose!"
Dit un devin des plus fameux
A certain homme très peureux:
"De votre mort l'eau sera cause."—
Mon homme alors renonce à l'eau,
Craint la rivière, et déjà n'ose
S'approcher même du ruisseau,
Boit son vin pur, double la dose,
Devient ivrogne, et croit par-là
Détourner le moment critique.—
Qu'arriva-t-il de tout cela?—
Hélas! il mourut hydropique!

*** *A Translation or Imitation by any of our poetic Readers will be esteemed a favor.*

Walking Dress.—A mantle of any fancy silk, trimmed with nobbed fringe of white silk.—Bonnet to agree with the mantle, having a cap attached to it.

FOREIGN AFFAIRS.

[*London, May* 26]—The king of Prussia has appointed a French general of division, Durette, governor of Berlin, of which place he is to have the exclusive administration; it is almost wholly occupied by French troops. In all the cities and towns of that kingdom occupied by the troops of Napoleon, a French police has been established, paramount to all the native authorities.

[29] March 26, an earthquake took place at Caraccas, which, in less than three minutes, laid one quarter of the town in ruins, and rendered the remaining three fourths uninhabitable. Fourteen thousand five hundred houses were levelled with the ground, and (together with all the other public buildings and monuments) nineteen churches and convents—the churches at that moment full of people—it being Holy Thursday. The number of lives lost is variously stated: but the most moderate accounts estimate it at five thousand.—Rocks and mountains in the vicinity were rent asunder: huge masses of them were hurled down into the valleys, and others left in a state of threatening suspension—The calamity extended to the adjacent towns, and interior of the country: the town of Laguira was laid in ruins, with the loss of several hundred lives; and the shock was felt at Curaçoa and in the island of St. Kitt's, though slightly, and without any mischievous effect.

[30] May 22, a French squadron, of two forty-four gun frigates, and a brig of eighteen guns, was destroyed near L'Orient by his Majesty's ship Northumberland, of 74 guns, and the Growler, gun brig. They drove the French vessels on shore, set fire to the two frigates, and saw them blow up:—the other vessel bilged, and soon filled with water.

[30] In March, a slave ship having introduced the small-pox at Cape Town (Cape of Good Hope) where it has usually proved as destructive as the plague—and several families having speedily caught the infection—universal terror was excited; public sales were prohibited, shops shut by proclamation, and all intercourse with the interior interrupted.—One good effect, however, ensued, in the extension of vaccination, to which the terrified inhabitants eagerly resorted for safety.

[*June* 1] *Gottenburg, May* 23.—Unless Bonaparté can make himself master of the Russian magazines, Prussia and the whole of Germany will be in a state of starvation. The scarcity of forage, in particular, is such, that they have been obliged in many places to unroof the thatched houses, to get food for their horses.

[1] Advices from Rio Janeiro, of March 15, state that the civil war was continued between Buenos Ayres and Monte Video, and the partisans of the latter were assisted by the Portuguese troops, which had taken possession of Maldonado and Colona. Rigorous measures were adopted by the friends of the revolution in Buenos Ayres, where all property belonging to Old Spain, to the Brasils, Monte Video, Lima, and the whole territory still acknowledging the parent state, was placed under sequestration; and any persons disclosing concealed effects of that description, were to be rewarded with one third of the amount of the property so discovered.

[1] Advices from New York, of April 25, represent that the recruiting business was carried on with success in that city and other parts of the state; and that 3,000 volunteers had presented themselves in New York alone, in seven days.

[1] The governor of Virginia, with the advice of the Council of State, under the expectation of a war with England, has ordered a very large quantity of arms to be delivered to the volunteers in various places under his jurisdiction.

[3] Bonaparté and his empress arrived at Dresden on the 16th of May—the emperor and empress of Austria on the 18th—and, on the 19th, Bonaparté gave a grand dinner to the emperor and empress of Austria, the king, queen, and princess Augusta of Saxony, the queen

of Westphalia, and grand duke of Wurtzburg.

[4] The bombarding of Cadiz, which commenced on the 15th of May, ceased on the 16th, and was resumed on the 17th.

[4] Baron Eroles has descended from the height of the Pyrenees, and made another successful incursion into the province of Roussillon with 6000 horse. Besides a levy of 30,000 dollars, he has collected much booty.

[5] *Bilboa, May* 6.—The French continue to levy most oppressive contributions on this town and its neighbourhood; and they are collected under such severe penalties, and with so many precautions, that it is impossible to evade them.

[5] *Lisbon, May* 19.—The guerillas are extremely active in all parts of Spain in attempts against the enemy, in many of which they have recently been very successful.—General Ballasteros, on the 14th April, surprised and destroyed, in Arrolla, a column under the command of Gen. Rey.

[6] April 16, a Spanish chief, Don Geronimo Merino, attacked and defeated a numerous body of French, near Aranda, and took 509 prisoners. The prisoners immediately suffered, in the proportion of twenty for each of the three members of the Junta of Burgos, who were lately put to death by the enemy—and in the proportion of ten for each of Merino's soldiers, who lately shared the same fate. This act was accompanied by a declaration, that, in this ratio, retaliation would always be observed.

[6] Advices from America state that flour had fallen in the United States from ten dollars to seven dollars per barrel, in consequence of the embargo.—They add, that the sum of 50,000 dollars had been voted by Congress, to alleviate the distresses of the people of Caraccas; and the president had been authorised to send provisions for their immediate supply.

[6] In Canada, an addition is made to the oath of allegiance; and the people are required to swear that the Prince Regent is the lawful sovereign, or, on refusal, to quit the country.

[8] *Seville, April* 25.—Scarcity has increased to such a pitch, that it has been found necessary to place guards at the bakers' shops, to prevent the soldiers stealing the bread: but these guards are paid by the bakers, who are obliged to give each soldier two quartos per day.

[8] *Seville, April* 27.—The criminal court has to-day decreed, that, if General Ballasteros be taken, he shall be treated as a rebel, and accordingly suffer death, in conformity with the edict of the 1st April, 1810.

[8] In Poland, a public manifesto has lately been issued by the native authorities, in which they enter largely into the aggressions of Russia, since the partition of their country by that power. They declare their determination to restore their independence, and to re-establish their monarchy; and, supported by 100,000 of their brave champions in arms, they threaten to drive the invaders within their own boundaries. No doubt is entertained, that this instrument is dictated by the adherents of the French court, and is intended to assist in accomplishing the ambitious projects of the French ruler.

[8] Advices from Rio Janeiro, of April 8, state that a squadron from Monte Video had bombarded the city of Buenos Ayres.

[8] Among the recent war measures of the American executive, are—the creation of a war department, with two secretaries at the salaries of 3000 dollars each—the establishment of a corps of engineers—and the imposition of 100 per cent. additional duty upon imports.

[8] *New York, May* 7.—Every preparation for war is making: a large train of field and battering artillery has arrived here from Washington, and workmen are employed to equip them with harness, &c. Large depots of provisions are making, and now shipping for Albany and the other stations on the Hudson as if to prepare for an army destined against Canada.—The governor of this state has already actually ordered a detachment of 1100 to march to the post immediately on the Canada lines; and 13,000 more are ordered to be draughted from the militia without delay.

[8] *New York, May* 9.—Books for the loan of eleven millions of dollars were opened on the 1st of May in the ten towns prescribed by the act. They were closed on the 2d, when the total sum, according to the New York Gazette, subscribed in Massachusetts, Connecticut, New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore and Georgetown, was only 4,050,000 dollars.

[9] *Holmstadt, May* 25.—The Danes have embargoed in their ports all the French privateers, and forbidden, for the

future, the depredations of those vermin on their coasts. The Swedish property they had lately taken in the Sound, they have ordered to be restored.

[9] A British officer thus writes from Palermo, April 18. "We still remain in Palermo: but our continuance is uncertain . . . . We have an active enemy very near us, and comparatively a small British force to oppose him, so that in fact our only prospect of ultimate success must be in the union of the population for our support.—Assassinations, I am sorry to say, are frequent, and robberies still more so. Scarcely a day passes, that some officer is not a sufferer from depredation."

[11] An American paper mentions the execution, at Havanna, of five free negroes, one free mulatto, and three slaves, for an attempt to possess themselves of the island. One of them, it is said, was to have been created king.

[11] A fever has broken out in Carthagena, which is as contagious in its nature, and as destructive in its effects, as that which prevailed last year in Murcia. The number of persons who have already fallen victims to it, is said to be very considerable.

[12] *Cadiz, May* 24.—At Seville, such is the scarcity of wheat, that the fanega (bushel) has been sold at 54 hard dollars. The truth is, that many people are found dead on the roads for want of bread.

[13] The official agents from Buenos Ayres say, "Our army has had three conflicts with the Portuguese, in all which the patriots have been victorious. In the last action, the Portuguese lost, in killed, 300 men."

[15] The American Congress have lately passed an act abolishing the practice of flogging in the American army, and substituting, in lieu of it, stoppage of pay, confinement, and short allowance of provisions.

[15] *Naples, May* 19.—A great scarcity of provisions continues to be felt throughout all Sicily.

[16] *Paris, June* 1.—The imperial decree, of May 8, fixing the price of grain, has every-where been carried into execution, and produced the best effects. In many markets, grain is already below the price fixed by the decree.

[19] Lieut. general Sir Rowland Hill achieved, on the 19th of May, a brilliant exploit against the French posts and establishments at the bridge of Almarez, which afforded the only good military communication across the Tagus. The bridge was defended by two strong forts, and other formidable works, which the British troops took by storm, and destroyed, together with the bridge itself—besides taking the enemy's magazines, with 259 prisoners, and 18 pieces of cannon.—Our loss was 33 killed, and 177 wounded.

[20] The Junta of Buenos Ayres, by an official notification, of April 1, have refused to acknowledge Mr. Staples as British consul, because his credentials wanted the usual forms, and because the British Government had not yet replied to a communication made by the Junta to the British secretary of state in June, 1810.

[20] Advices from Jamaica state that the crops, it was apprehended, would be very deficient.

[20] There has been a storm in Barbadoes, which has done much injury to the plantations. It was attended with utter darkness, and a quantity of mud and sand descended in a torrent; but to what cause this singular phænomenon was to be attributed, has not been discovered, though it was conjectured to be the effect of some earthquake.

[20] Intelligence from Vera Cruz, of April 17, says that the communication between that city and Mexico was cut off, and the insurgents were every-where increasing in strength.

[21] In a recent affair, the Spanish chief Espoz y Mina killed 700 French, wounded 500, released about 500 of his compatriots from captivity, and took a large quantity of ammunition and other necessaries.

[21] Admiral Berkeley, who is commander in chief of the Portuguese naval force, has made a donation of all the emoluments of that office for the expenses of the war ; and Lord Wellington has also made another donation of four millions of reis for the same object.

[21] The British force in the Spanish peninsula is about to be materially augmented by the addition of ten Spaniards to each company in every regiment.

[22] A successful experiment was lately made at Paris, of a flying machine, consisting of a small balloon with taffety wings 22 feet long.

[24] May 1, a great volcanic eruption took place in the isle of St. Vincent ; but the particulars are not yet sufficiently known here, to be detailed in our present Number.

DOMESTIC OCCURRENCES.

His Majesty.—On the 30th of May, a bulletin announced that His Majesty continued in nearly the same state as at the time of the last monthly report.—Since that latter date, no communication has been made to the public respecting him.

Price of Bread.—Quartern Wheaten Loaf, *June* 4, eighteen pence, halfpenny —*June* 11, the same—*June* 18, nineteen pence—*June* 25, nineteen pence, three farthings.

Rioters.—At *Chester*, sixteen of those misguided people have been condemned to death, of whom two have since suffered; nine have been sentenced to transportation for different periods, and three to imprisonment.—At *Lancaster*, seven have been found guilty.—At *Manchester*, eight have been hanged—one of them a woman, guilty of stealing potatoes.

[*London, May* 21] The receipts of the property-tax, for the year ending April 5, 1810, were £11,533,871 : 19 : 3½—those for the year ending April 5, 1810, £11,332,454 : 12 : 6.

[21] A report, from the directors of the Southwark bridge company, states, that, from accounts taken at different times, there pass over Blackfriars bridge, every day, on an average, 61,069 foot passengers, 822 horses, 990 coaches, 533 waggons, 1502 carts, &c. 590 gigs, &c.—over London bridge, 89,640 foot passengers, 764 horses, 1240 coaches, 763 waggons, 2924 carts, &c. 435 gigs, &c.

[25] On Saturday, at a meeting of nobility, gentry, and others, at the Freemasons' Tavern, (the Duke of York in the chair) a subscription was commenced for the relief of the distressed manufacturers, and a committee appointed to conduct the business.

[26] In the neighbourhood of Carlisle, tumult and disorder prevail to a greater extent than before.—In the vicinity of Huddersfield, the arms-stealing system is still pursued.

[27] Books, to the amount of £40,000, have been sold by auction in London, within the last two months: and the young Duke of Devonshire has bought Count Mac Carthy's library, in one lot, for 25,000 guineas.

[28] At the eighth anniversary of the British and Foreign Bible society, May 6, it was stated in the annual report, that 35,690 Bibles, and 70,733 Testaments, were issued last year, besides the number circulated abroad by the society's aid—that, within that period, seventy new auxiliary societies (including branch societies) were produced in Britain alone —and that the net income of the year was £43,532 : 12 : 5, and its expenditure (including its engagements) 46,530 : 10 : 11.

[28] An American youth, named Colbourn, not eight years old, advertises, in the "Morning Chronicle" of this day, the exhibition of his wonderful faculty of carrying arithmetical calculations to the greatest extent, and of squaring, cubing, and extracting numbers, to the extent of millions—all by memory alone.

[29] The aggregate ages of the three senior judges of the court of Common Pleas amount to 230 years.—The salary of a judge is £4,000 a year, from which he pays his circuit expenses, amounting to nearly £1,000.—In case of retirement, the pension is £2,000: but he cannot receive that pension till he has served 15 years, or is incapacitated by some permanent infirmity.

[30] Dr. Sparke is promoted to the bishoprick of Ely, supposed to be worth £12,000 per annum. It has a palace at Ely, and a superb mansion in Dover-street. A patronage belongs to it, of more than one hundred very valuable dignities and benefices. It is, moreover, a royal franchise; and the bishop has jurisdiction over all causes, criminal as well as civil.

[30] There is now in the garden of Mr. Borrett, Lower Road, Islington, a bed of 500 tulips, in full bloom, the finest that have been seen for many years.

[30] A Somersetshire pedestrian is said to have lost *twenty pounds of his weight* in an attempt to walk a thousand miles, one mile in every hour—a task, in which he failed, after having continued it for thirty days.

[*June* 1] *Murder.*—About a month since, Mr. Burrows, of Appleton, had had a litigation, and angry altercation, with a Mr. Bowler, a neighbouring farmer: but since that time they had apparently been good friends. On Saturday last, however, at 5 in the morning, Bowler (a man of seventy) repaired to a place where Mr. Burrows was to pass, and, after two hours spent in walking

to and fro' while waiting for his intended victim, at length, on Mr. Burrows's arrival, he discharged at him a blunderbuss loaded with slugs. Mr. Burrows fell, but was not killed; and the assassin escaped for the present.—*See June* [8.]

[1] *Attempted Murder.*—A footman in a gentleman's family at Ham had denounced to the lady's maid in the same family, that, if she took the arm of any other man, he would shoot her.—We presume (though our information does not say so much) that he must have had matrimonial pretensions to her: but, however that may be, on Friday last, the young woman, having accompanied some friends to Ham fair, took one of them by the arm; for which offence, the footman, on her return home, discharged at her a pistol loaded with slugs, and severely wounded her.

[1] Last night, in the House of Commons, Mr. Brougham stated the case of a person, named Godfrey, who had been confined in Lincoln jail, and, being troubled with a severe bowel complaint, had recourse to spirits for relief. The use of them was at last denied to him; and, on a relapse, medical assistance was brought him. His medical attendant prescribed to him the use of the same cordials; and he got better. One night he had another relapse, and disturbed the prisoners with his cries, who wished to get into his cell to afford him relief or assistance. The turnkey, however, said he could not disturb the governor, although they represented to him that the man was in the agonies of death. At length he ventured to awake the governor: but medical assistance arrived too late; for in a few hours the man died.

[3] Last week, in a well-ventilated coal-mine at Felling, near Gateshead, Durham, a double blast of hydrogen gas took place, and set the mine on fire, forcing up such a volume of smoke as darkened the air to a considerable distance, and scattered an immense quantity of small coal from the upper shaft. In the explosion, 93 men and boys perished, the remains of 86 of whom are still in the mine, which continues unapproachable.

[4] A thrush, which for four years past had built her nest in the garden of Mr. Antony Thompson, at St. Bees, has, this year, changed her residence, but not quitted the premises. She has taken up her abode in a bottle-rack, and built her nest in the cavity of a bottle bottom! This her cottage is not more than a couple of yards from a back door, through which some or other of the family are frequently passing. The thrush is at present in the quiet state of incubation, and so familiarised to her old friends and protectors, as to suffer them to stroke her back, while she feeds from their hands with the greatest composure.

[4] A youth, only 19 years of age, an apprentice to a surgeon in the neighbourhood of Bedford-square, committed suicide on Tuesday afternoon, by means of a pistol, in a field not far from the New Road, Mary-le-bone, adjoining the Regent's Park.

[4] *Sabbath-breaking.*—Yesterday, in the court of King's Bench, a conviction, heretofore obtained against a grocer for having served in his shop on Sunday, was quashed; the judge (Lord Ellenborough) observing, that the informer could not prove that the article which he saw the grocer deliver, *wrapped up in paper*, to a customer, was not the "*Form of Prayer*" for the day—or that the money, given by the latter, was given in payment for it.

[5] There are now immured, within the walls of the four principal prisons for debtors within the bounds of the metropolis, upwards of fifteen hundred persons, on whose industrious exertions probably three times that number were principally dependent for support.

[5] Tuesday evening, the new almshouses in Gravel-lane, Southwark, built by the Rev. Rowland Hill, for 24 poor aged widows belonging to Surrey chapel, were opened for their reception.

[6] On Wednesday, while two of the magistrates were conversing in Marlborough-street office, a genteel-looking man entered, and, with a menacing air, threw a pamphlet on the table, demanding that it should be perused, and his grievances, stated therein, redressed, or he would "do for some of them"—at which words, he drew from his side pocket a huge slaughter-knife, brandished it at the magistrates, and made his escape. Yesterday he again made his appearance at the office, with the same knife in his pocket, and was secured.—He is a French teacher, by name Le Turc, born in England of French parents, and, in his pamphlet, complains of the want of redress of injuries which are not even stated.—His whole conduct betraying evident insanity, he was committed to safe custody.

[8] Bowler, the assassin of Mr. Burrows, [*See June* 1.] after having roamed about the country for several days, lying in the fields (as he himself states) and drinking ditch water, at length returned, on Saturday, to his own house, where he was arrested.—At Marlborough-street office, he confessed the deed, but pleaded insanity; and several respectable witnesses have deposed that he has been deranged, at times, for upwards of twelve months.—He requested to be admitted to bail, and offered a deposit of £10,000, but was committed for re-examination.

[10] *Escape from France.*—Saturday, nine men were put on shore at Sandgate out of a schooner which had picked them up at sea, they having made their escape from the prison of Verdun; which they effected by working a passage through the common-sewer. The original number that escaped in this way from the prison was 48; but, on their arrival at the sea-shore, which they accomplished in safety, and where they had procured a boat for their purpose, they were surrounded by a guard of soldiers. In this extremity, they attempted to defend themselves with some tomahawks, which they had found in the boat. In the contest, 12 of them were shot, 27 made prisoners, and nine made their escape, though all wounded.

[10] Yesterday, a waterman was convicted in the penalty of twenty shillings, with costs, for having refused to take a gentleman from Chelsea to Wandsworth, although he had plied him.

[11] *Plymouth, June* 8.—This morning, at three o'clock, a fire broke out in the rope-house of the royal dock-yard here. The flames raged with great fury for several hours, and consumed almost the whole of the building; nor could their progress be stopped, until the building was cut through, and separated.—As the wind blew hard at east, and the conflagration took place on the weather-side, and where neither fire, candle, nor any light is ever used, it is supposed to have been caused by some incendiary.

[11] Last night, in the House of Commons, Sir J. Newport stated, that the home revenue of Ireland for the last year had fallen half a million short of the interest of the debt and the sinking fund.

[12] The gross amount of the tax upon hackney coaches and chairs, for last year, is £30,909—the charges of management, £3,182. : 1 : 3—and the net produce, £27,726. : 18 : 9.

[13] The Rev. Mr. Gilbert, rector of Settrington—heretofore foiled in an attempt to recover from Sir Mark Masterman Sykes above two thousand pounds in consequence of a wager on the life of Bonaparté (noticed in our Magazine for March, p. 143.)—had since applied for a new trial: but, yesterday, the court of King's Bench—declaring the wager to be contrary to law, morality, and Christianity, as contemplating assassination—affirmed the former verdict.

[15] On the 4th inst. a box, containing dollars to the amount of £100. was sent from Messrs. Bosanquet and Co.'s, bankers, by the Lincoln and Barton coach, to the bankers at Barton. On the 6th inst. a parcel, containing bank notes to the amount of £1,500, was sent by the same house, by the same coach, to the bankers at Barton. Both the box and parcel were stolen. A box and parcel resembling them were delivered, but without the contents.

[15] On Sunday afternoon last, William Hunt, one of the brick makers belonging to Mr. Whitehead, of Cadogan-place, in the parish of St. Luke, Chelsea, beat and kicked his wife, in Little Exeter-street, in that parish, in a most unmerciful manner, and afterwards, following her into the yard, stabbed her in the loins with a clasp knife, declaring that nothing should prevent his murdering her. The poor woman was conveyed to St. George's Hospital, with little hopes of recovery.

[16] A woman, named Marney, was killed in a pugilistic contest with another woman, named Brookey, in Bainbridge-street, St Giles's, on Saturday last.

[17] It appears from the evidence given before the Committee on the Orders in Council, that, at Kidderminster, the distresses of the poor manufacturers became so pressing that they were obliged to have recourse to their clothes, and raise money by pawning them to the pawnbrokers; and so general was this practice, that at last it was put a sudden stop to, by the pawnbrokers refusing to take in any more of those articles. In the same manner, in Sheffield, the cutlery was so generally pawned, that the pawnbrokers of Sheffield were enabled to come into the London market, and undersell the manufacturers themselves.

[19] The "Morning Chronicle" of this day contains an address to the public, from D. I. Eaton, confined in Newgate for an obnoxious publication, and

reduced to solicit pecuniary aid.—(*See our Mag. for May, p.* 249.)

[20] Yesterday, after the Regent's levee, ten deputies from the general society of Quakers waited on his Royal Highness, and read to him a petition from their society, praying for peace.

[22] A few days ago, a gentleman at Westham, near Pevensey, dug up a crop of new potatoes, and has since planted the ground with the same vegetable; thus two crops, of this useful root will be produced in one year.

[22] Two sharks, one measuring nine and the other ten feet in length, were lately harpooned at Kingston. On cutting up the longer, 37 young ones were taken out, some of them upwards of 18 inches in length.

[22] The apothecaries in the metropolis have, in consequence of a late order from the company, refused to sell the medicine called "child's cordial." It is a strong narcotic, and has, in several instances, when taken in large doses, consigned the infant to eternal rest.

[24] The number of carriages, returned to the Tax-Office, for the present year, is said to be less, by above fifteen hundred, than that of the preceding returns.

[25] The number of our military force for the present year is to be two hundred and forty-five thousand, nine hundred, and ninety-six officers and men, including those in India.

[27] By a recent regulation at the War-Office, any officer, wounded in action, and having lost more than one limb or one eye, is to receive the full pension for each limb or eye so lost—besides any other pay or allowance, to which he may otherwise be entitled.

BORN.

[*May* 20] On the 10th, of the Hon. Mrs. Wernlock, Foley-place, a daughter.

[22] On Tuesday, of the Countess of Lindsey, a daughter.

[23] Wednesday, of the lady of Joseph Blake, esq. Devonshire-place, a son.

[*June* 1] Friday, of the lady of Benjamin Hall, esq. M. P. a son.

[3] Sunday, of the lady of W. C. Chambers, esq. Chesterfield-street, a son.

[6] Thursday, of the lady of John Cary, esq. West-end, Hampstead, a daughter.

[9] Yesterday, of the lady of Edward Greathead, esq. S. Audley-street, a son.

[10] Monday, of Lady Romilly, a still-born child.

[12] On the 5th, of the lady of J. R. Kemp, esq. M. P. a son.

[17] Yesterday, of the lady of T. Daniell, esq. Devonshire-place, a daughter.

[18] Monday, of the lady of the Hon. and Rev. Wm. Capel, a daughter.

[22] Monday, of the Hon. Mrs. Holland, lady of the Rev. Dr. Holland, a still born child.

MARRIED.

[*May* 21] Yesterday, Robert Nassau Sutton, esq. to Miss Mary Georgina, daughter of J. Manners Sutton, esq.

[23] On the 19th, W. Beauchamp Proctor, esq. captain in the navy, to Miss Anne Gregory.

[29] Yesterday, the Hon. Thomas Cranley Onslow, to Miss Hillier, of Stoke-park, Surrey.

[*June* 2] Friday, Lord Delvin, to Lady Emily Cecil, daughter of the Marquis of Salisbury.

[3] Tuesday, Capt. George Ferguson, R. N. to Miss Elizabeth Holcombe, of Aramstone-house, Herts.

[5] Wednesday, the Hon. Henry St. John, son of Viscount Bolingbroke, to the second daughter of the late Sir Henry St. John Mildmay.

[6] On the 28th of May, the Rev. James Slade, rector of Teversham, Cambridgeshire, to Augusta, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Law, prebendary of Carlisle.

[12] On the 10th, Roger Eaton, esq. of Parkglas, Pembrokeshire, to Miss Dorothea Wilmot, of Clifton.

[13] Lately, the Rev. Thomas Bedford, rector of St. Helen's, Worcester, to Mrs. Catharine Mannooch.

[13] Thursday, A. H. Sutherland, esq. of Gower-street, to Miss Charlotte Hussey, of Sandhurst.

[15] Saturday, the Rev. T. L. Strong, rector of Titsey, Surrey, to Miss Tritton, of West Hill.

[17] On the 9th, the Rev. G. H. L. Gretton, to Miss Donne.

DECEASED.

[*May* 22] On Monday, Sir Edward Littleton, bart.

[23] Wednesday, Rawson Hart Boddam, esq.

[26] On the 17th, Mrs. Beckett, Queen-square, Westminster, *aged* 81.

[27] Saturday, the Rev. Louis Dutens, *aged* 82.

[29] On the 6th, the lady of Captain Wight, R. N.

[*June* 1] *May* 25, the Rev. Edward Salter, Canon-residentiary of Winchester.

[5] *June* 2, John Hunter, esq. of Clarges street.

[8] *June* 6, the Rev. Philip Wroughton, of Woolley Park, Berks.

[8] Saturday, at Hendon, Mrs. Lamotte.

[10] Monday, the lady of Major General Raymond.

[11] Tuesday, Sir Francis Molineaux, bart. Gentleman-usher of the black rod.

[12] Lately, at Downton, Mrs. Blake.

[13] Tuesday, Richard Baldwin, esq. treasurer of St. Bartholomew's Hospital.

[15] *June* 3, *aged* 88, Mrs. Marshall, of Crown-court, celebrated for her successful treatment of disorders of the eye.

[17] *June* 13, Mrs. Elizabeth Adamson, Finchley Common.

[17] Sunday, Mrs. Ann Baldwin, St. Leonard's, Buckinghamshire, *aged* 80.

[20] *June* 2, in Jersey, the lady of Capt. Adam Campbell, of the 26th.

[22] *June* 7, *aged* 64, Colonel Nicholas Bayly, brother to the late Earl of Uxbridge.

[23] *June* 20, Mrs. Stanley, Maddox-st.

APPENDIX.

Snails.—In a garden at Fulham, very much infested with snails, soap-ashes being strewed on a border near a hedge whence they proceeded, those insects completely disappeared in twenty-four hours, and did not re-appear during the whole season.—By the occasional use of the same preservative, the garden is now entirely free from snails in the hottest and wettest seasons.

Cure for the Croup.—In many desperate cases of that disorder, a cure has been effected by "Ward's Essence," prepared follows.—To four ounces of the best highly-rectified spirit of wine, and four ounces of camphor, thoroughly mixed and incorporated, add four ounces of the best volatile spirit of sal ammoniac. If both the spirits used be not good, they will not take up the proper quantity of camphor.—This essence has long been used as an embrocation for sprains, rheumatism, quinsey, and some kinds of sore throat. A much-respected physician, Dr. Hawkins, of Monmouthshire, first tried it for the croup a few years since; and, on comparing his success with that of a medical friend who followed the established mode, it appeared, that, of an equal number of patients, that friend lost sixteen, Dr. Hawkins none.—He directs the throat to be bathed with the essence, and a piece of flannel to be dipped into it, and tied round. This has given immediate relief in very violent paroxyms.

Unfunded Debt of Great Britain and Ireland, up to the 5th of January, 1812:—

Great Britain,	£50,454,166 : 15 : 8
Ireland,	1,843,012 : 10 : 0
	52,297,179 : 5 : 8
making, with the funded debt (noticed in our last No.) of - -	817,101,745 : 5 : 8
a total of	£869,398,924 : 11 : 4

Number of re-issuable Promissory Notes, stamped in England during the year ended 10th of October, 1811.

Value of Notes.	No. of Stamps.
Not exceeding £1. 1s.	2,702,536
Exceeding £1. 1s. and not exceeding £2. 2s.	46,473
Exceeding £2. 2s. and not exceeding £5. 5s.	563,739
Exceeding £5. 5s. and not exceeding £20.	248,388
Exceeding £20. and not exceeding £30.	830
Exceeding £30. and not exceeding £50.	190
Exceeding £50. and not exing £100.	1,632
Total,	3,565,788

Amount of forged Notes presented for payment at the Bank of England, and refused, during eleven years, from January 1, 1801, to December 31, 1811—Total £101,661—including all notes supposed to have been fabricated on the Continent.

Wheat and Flour imported into Great Britain, in twelve years, from 1775 *to* 1786; *in twelve years, from* 1787 *to* 1798; *and in twelve years, from* 1799 *to* 1810, *both inclusive*:—

1775, 575,250; *6, 21,568; *7, 233,905; *8, 106,016; *9, 5,254; 1780, 4,242; *1, 102,278; *2, 81,259; *3, 584,014; *4, 215,817; *5, 107,968; *6, 50,999.

Total Quarters, 2,149,170
Annual Average, 179,097

1787, 60,245; *8, 149,667; *9, 109,762; 1790, 219,351; *1, 463,591; *2, 22,417; *3, 490,398; *4, 327,902; *5, 313,793; *6, 879,200; *7, 461,767; *8, 396,721.

Total Quarters, 3,894,814
Annual Average, 324,568

1799, 463,185; 1800, 1,264,520; *1, 1,404,766; *2, 647,664; *3, 373,725 *4, 461,140; *5, 920,834; *6, 310,342; *7, 400,759; *8, 81,466; *9, 448,487; 1810, 1,630,091. Total Quarters, 8,327,579
Annual Average, 693,965